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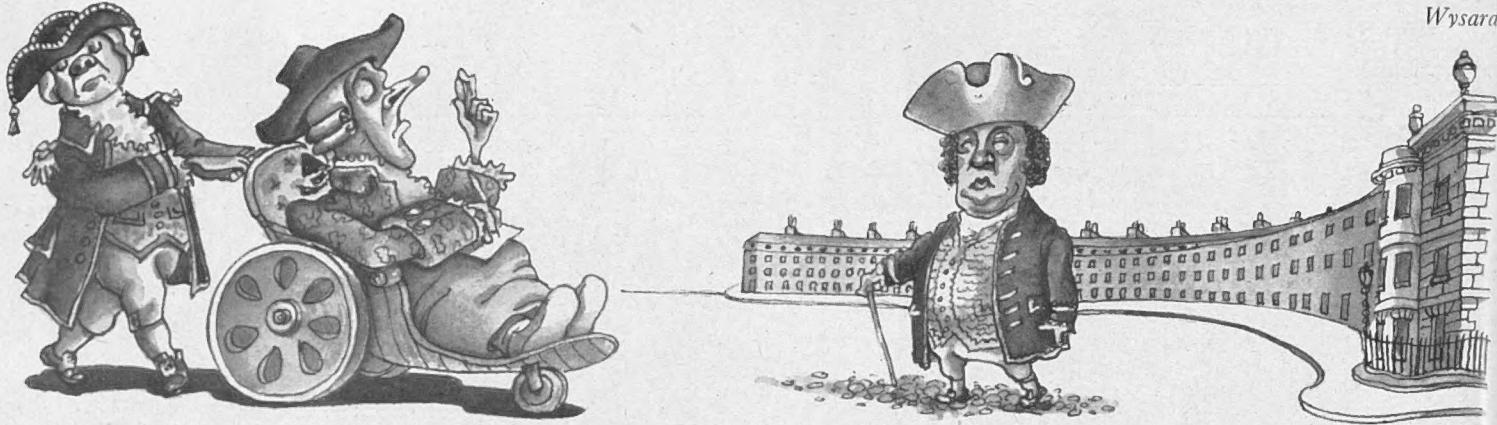


Hay Wrightson

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

Princess Alice is the wife of the first Earl of Athlone and the daughter of the late Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, Duke of Albany, fourth son of Queen Victoria. Her husband is the third son of H.H. the late Duke of Teck and brother of Queen Mary. They have one daughter, Lady May Abel Smith, who married Lt.-Col. Henry Abel Smith in 1931. The Earl and Countess of Athlone returned only last year from Canada where the Earl was Governor-General for five of the most difficult war years. On their departure the Canadian people paid them many warm tributes of appreciation for their fine public work, and the Earl of Athlone was highly praised for the exceptional tact and discretion which he showed in every aspect of his office. He was equally popular with the South Africans when he was Governor-General of that country from 1923 to 1931. Princess Alice was created a G.B.E. in 1937

Decorations by
Wysard



Sean Fielding

Portraits in Print

How to describe February which is almost upon us? It can be done charmingly for all that the month isn't one that commends itself to those who have to live in the Northern Hemisphere. Thus: February comes in like a sturdy country maiden, with a tinge of the red, hard winter apple on her healthy cheek, and as she strives against the wind, wraps her russet cloak well about her, while with bent head she keeps throwing back the long hair that blows about her face, and though at times half-blinded by the sleet and snow, still continues her course courageously. Sometimes she seems to shrink, and while we watch her progress, half afraid that she will be blown back again into the dreary waste of winter, we see that her course is still forward, that she never takes a backward step but keeps journeying along slowly, and drawing nearer at every stride to the Land of Flowers.

I confess to a liking for these rotund phrases, for the pleasant imagery and the implied scratching of a leisured pen on fine rag paper. Already, for having read the description (in an old and musty-smelling tome that lacks a cover) I feel better about February and about Numa Pompilius who introduced it into the Roman calendar—along with January—when he extended the year into twelve nearly equal periods.

Beau Nash

IMPORTANT things have happened in February, such as the death, at the agreeable age of eighty-seven years, of Richard ("Beau") Nash, in 1761.

The old gentleman had his enemies, as well as his friends, and some of them took care to make this plain. Nash, of course, put Bath on the map and it was not, perhaps, unreasonable that the Corporation of the day had erected, in the Pump Room, a marble statue of him. This was placed between busts of Newton and Pope, and thereupon occasioned from Lord Chesterfield:

The statue placed these busts between
Gives satire all its strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length.

Was Beau Nash so deserving? At this distance, No. He was born at Swansea (1673) and educated at Carmarthen School and Jesus College, Oxford, and made it clear to one and all that he was no mean fellow. After a short spell in the Army he straightway entered himself at the Temple and tried his hand at the law; but lawyers are sober people and Nash's colleagues thought very poorly of his behaviour which was very much that of a man-about-town with a needle-sharp taste for the highlights. He was (it is said) suspected of being a highwayman!

This so shook Nash that he retired in anger to Bath which was then a city amounting to not much more than a row of dried beans. True, the waters were taken, and with benefit, by those who needed them and who could put up with the accommodation available; but it was a poor place. Nash soon altered that. When he was yet thirty-one he was appointed Master of the Ceremonies, and his first action was to transfer the local band of musicians to the purlieus of the Pump Room and there lay down a set of rules—or, more properly, laws—for conduct, which none dare defy.

He forbade the wearing of swords in the Rooms and finally, after a particularly outrageous duel in the streets of Bath, managed to persuade the local authorities to ban the wearing of swords anywhere in the city. Nash thereby did himself no harm, for he had a healthy sleeping partnership in several gaming houses in Bath, and had no desire to see them constantly broken up by disappointed gamblers resorting to a touch of cold steel to settle outstanding accounts. His own gambling was on the grand scale; so was his manner of living when funds were good. His equipage: six fine black coach-horses so well matched and trained that at the full trot it appeared as if one horse drew the carriage. He kept a

coachman, postilion, two footmen in livery, a gentleman out of livery and a running footman.

And it is true that when he died all Bath turned out for the funeral, and spoke of him as the founder of the prosperity of the city. Wherefore then, Lord Chesterfield's *Folly*?

Poor Nelly

IT is to be recalled also that King Charles I died in the month of February (1685), and in so doing established Sweet Nell of Old Drury in history for ever: "Do not let poor Nelly starve." Nell was in no danger of that, although she might have been in danger of being put out of the way with a lethal dose of whatever poison was currently in use. It was freely said that Charles was poisoned; in fact the available evidence points to him having died of apoplexy, the only too probable consequence of his excesses. John Evelyn, in his famous Diary, writing of the days immediately preceding the King's end, could never forget "the inexpressible luxury and profanity, gaming and all possible dissoluteness (at Whitehall); the King sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset, round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them. . . . Six days later all was in the dust."

It seemed that the revels and goings-on extended over Sunday night and until eight o'clock the next morning. Then it was that Charles was seized with a fit of apoplexy and was instantly bled by his physician, Dr. King, whom the Privy Council later voted £1,000 for his dexterity, but failed to pay. The bleeding saved Charles for the moment, but his day was done, his time arrived. Well he knew it, for when the Queen sent excuses for her absence from his bedside and craved pardon, gallant Charles said, "She ask my pardon, poor woman! I ask hers with all my heart."

Such matters as these are worth a thought as today you eke out the coal and sourly contemplate the corned beef that passes for the roasts of the Last Peace. Not, I am bound



to state, that I personally can ever look at corned beef sourly; with resignation, yes; with a mind filled with memories, yes; with sourness, no. Between September, 1939, and March, 1946, I (in common with some millions of others in the Services) ate vast quantities of corned beef. Yet I do not recall one occasion on which I refused it. It was always eatable and had about it some quality or virtue which prevented the nausea common to a too-often repeated food. This could not be said of the spiced and chopped and tinned (and luscious-looking) ham which the United States soldiery had to eat.

One very quickly tired of that and finally grew violently to dislike it; this at least was the experience of those in my mess in Baghdad soon after we were the recipients of a case of the stuff from our generous Allies.

Coupons

I SUPPOSE it is time one stopped grumbling about coupons. The things seem to have become part and parcel of our lives, never to be removed; but my lady, who is, happily, among the non-grumblers of this world, complains that she is asked to surrender seven clothing coupons for a siren-suit. She seems to think that these somewhat grisly articles of attire should be coupon-free since they can



be used in only the most limited way. I am not so sure about this, having in mind the remarkable fate of my evening clothes which were impeccable when I left for the wars, and which now are unwearable by me but which suit my lady, in their new guise of a trim two-piece, most admirably. One cannot but praise this sort of ingenuity notwithstanding the personal inconvenience it causes. Moreover, who would have thought such things irreplaceable, as indeed they are?

My tailor flatly refuses to make me either dinner jacket or tails. He says I cannot afford it; and at that he is well in the target area, for the cost is unbelievable, being no less than forty-three guineas for the dinner jacket and sixty-five guineas for the tails. It seems that this comes about by reason of the 100 per cent purchase tax upon the silk involved—or so he states.

However, things could be worse.

Consider the unhappy position of husbands

circa 1750 when England had a series of earthquake shocks far more severe than anything that had preceded or has since followed it. Contemporary accounts, among them those of Horace Walpole, tell us that the shocks were felt at intervals for a matter of months, and that people refused to remain in their houses for fear of being buried alive by falling debris. They had, perforce, to sit in their carriages (if they had them) outside and, it appears, "earthquake gowns"—i.e. warm gowns to wear while sitting out of doors all night—were in great request with the women. Supplies of "earthquake gowns" were not unlimited and, as you will readily have guessed, the thick and cosy nightgowns worn by the gentlemen of the day were impounded and freely used.

Many people sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park (to the profit of the cut-purses and footpads, no doubt) passing away the time with the aid of cards and candles and, Walpole asks, "What will you think of Lady Catherine Pelham, Lady Frances Arundel and Lord and Lady Galway, who go this evening to an inn ten miles out of town, where they are to play brag until four o'clock in the morning and then come back, I suppose, to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish?"

At THE COURT of ST. JAMES'S

THE busiest, most important and largest staffed Embassy in Great Britain today is the mission from the United States of America, which should cause no surprise since the republic occupies an area thirty times greater than the United Kingdom. The 130 million Americans are normally represented in the vast square building in Grosvenor Square by an Ambassador, ministers, counsellors, and the usual set of First, Second and Third Secretaries, attachés, Service advisers, agricultural, financial, economic and other experts. The grand total is near 300, while that of some other Embassies is nearer fifteen or twenty.

Who is the administrative and executive head of the United States diplomatic army in London? Probably Britain's quietest, best-tempered guest, Virginia-born lawyer, Mr. George Tait, in rank Counsellor. But the ever-smiling, sociable Mr. Tait is also the Consul-General, which means that he has supervisory control of the consuls in London and of the twelve consulates in the British Isles.

Slim, grey-haired, sharp-featured, always on his toes, a believer in the 9 a.m. at the desk rule for himself and for others. Tait is a career diplomatist, and spent his early years wandering round the globe in comfort. He was sent to Paris, where he had studied at the School of Political Science, to Algeria, Switzerland, Manchester, and now, London. In Berne, during the Hitler War, he had the odd experience of meeting in restaurants, hotels, cinemas, theatres, his German, Italian and Japanese professional colleagues, whom he was supposed not to know or recognize.

But, if he was curious about them, it is said by friends that the enemies were more concerned about George Tait, and his latest professional triumphs.

In London he has not had time yet to box, to play tennis, or to prepare plans for his real hobby, mountaineering, but he is still hopeful. I like best a story of Tait's easygoing mood. On April the first, many years ago, colleagues decided to test his patience. They induced a vast horse to enter Tait's modest-sized home. For hours efforts were made to induce the unwanted guest to leave. During the tug-o'-war Tait stood by smiling.

About a quarter of a century ago the annual gathering of up to 75,000 pilgrims to the Great Holy City of Islam watched the young son of the Emir of Mecca, direct descendant of the Prophet, praying by the side of the windowless shrine sacred to 210,000,000 Muslims, the Ka'ba. The pilgrims would kiss the hand of the youth, and call him holy.

Today the youngest son of the Emir of Mecca, the ex-King Hussein of the Hejaz, is Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the kingdom of Iraq at the Court of St. James's. First Ambassador, His Royal Highness Zaid el Hussein represents one of the cradles of the earth, Mesopotamia, "land between the rivers" Euphrates and Tigris. Recent excavations at Tell Hassuna, near Shura, have produced many traces of culture dating to 5,000 B.C.

The envoy has been in the international picture for many years, for he served as home representative of his brother, Emir, later King, Feisal of Iraq during the visits to Western Europe. More recently he has accepted diplomatic posts, as Minister to Turkey, and Minister to Germany. In Berlin Hitler, accompanied by a series of major and minor officials, stood listening to His Highness reading the message from Iraq—in Arabic.

IN the last years the brother of Feisal and also of the Emir, now King, Abdullah of Transjordan, has been acting as deputy Regent of Iraq, during the visits to the United States and to Great Britain of H.H. the Amir Abdul Illah, G.C.V.O. And now he resumes the handling of coded messages, but it will not startle the Ambassador. The ciphers will merely recall those far-off days in Mecca, when the Emir's son, private secretary, struggled with urgent dispatches, decoding them from a key consisting of 17,000 hand-written words.

George Bilainkin.



H.H. Fahrinissa Zaid el Hussein, wife of the Iraqi Ambassador

JAMES AGATE

At The Pictures

Let Me Construct!



Barbara Stanwyck shares the honours with Ray Milland and Barry Fitzgerald in "California," a stirring tale of the gold strike in 1848

underdone I understand you can put it back in the oven. But you can't put a picture back into the studio. At least I should like to see the director's face if you told him to.

Let's say that a film has been made entitled *Solomon in All His Glory*. The critic can say that in his opinion the "Song of Solomon" would have been a better theme song than "I've Got That Sheba Feeling." But it's too late, and the censor isn't going to allow it anyhow. The critic can say whether he likes or doesn't like Solomon in all his Techniglory. But he can't alter him. He can say that in his opinion the concubines are the best- or worst-looking lot that ever came out of Denham. But he can't do anything about them.

WHAT about the theory that constructive criticism is of use to the actors for their future pictures? That again is nonsense. Actors never take advice, and even if they wanted to they wouldn't know how.

What's the use of telling King Solomon that he looks like something out of a wedding group at Balham? Monty Stickphast has always looked like something out of a wedding group at Balham, and will go on looking like something out of a wedding group at Balham, because he is something out of a wedding group at Balham. What's the use of telling the Queen of Sheba that what she mistakes for regal poise is merely the uppishness of a not particularly upper housemaid? Gloria Gloy always has been uppish, and always will be uppish, because she is uppish.

A CHILL and a peasouper must be my excuse for saying nothing about the new Claudette Colbert film, except that I would go to see her in any picture if she stood on her head throughout. And now for a few last words about that old, sheep-like bleat: "Criticism should be constructive." You might just as well say that criticism of a roast leg of mutton should be constructive. The leg is roasted for good or evil, and there is no more you can do about it. Except that if it turns out to be

Jack committed his first crime in July, 1723, stealing twenty-four yards of fustian from a Mr. Baynes, a piece-broker in White Horse Yard, to whose house he had been sent in his capacity as carpenter's assistant. His last thieving exploit took place on September 8 following, when he relieved one Martin, a watchmaker, of three silver watches, value £15. The lad was but twenty-two, and to his youth must be partly attributed his admittedly imperfect technique as a prig, and his inability to avoid subsequent capture. But not entirely. Jack was so ill-advised as to own first, an elder brother who, himself a notorious housebreaker, when captured impeached his younger brother, and second, two sweethearts, Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot, who alternately fondled and beat the boy and gave him away to the police. Whaur's your Humphrey and Lauren noo?

A BANDONING the profession of carpenter Jack entered the service of a Mr. Charles, of Mayfair, from whom he took £7 10s. and a quantity of jewellery and linen. For a time he practised successfully, until one day he met an old acquaintance, James Sykes, alias Hell and Fury, a chairman or running footman. Sykes invited Jack to Sedgate's victualling house in Seven Dials to play at skittles. Sheppard accepted, whereupon Sykes sent for Mr. Price, the St. Giles's constable. Justice Parry ordered Jack to be confined overnight in St. Giles's round-house, from which our friend escaped by the simple expedient of removing the roof, the police kindly leaving him the use of a razor and a chairback, sheet and blanket.

One fine evening in May our Jack, having stolen a gentleman's watch in Leicester Fields, was committed with an accomplice to the New Prison, and loaded with double links and balls of about 14 lb. weight. Edgeworth Bess, visiting Jack, was herself detained. But on Whit-Sunday the industrious fellow succeeded in sawing off his fetters, cutting through an iron bar in the window, and removing a

panel of solid oak nine inches thick. Sheppard pushed his mistress through this opening, and let her down to the ground, some twenty-five feet below. Following her, he discovered that they had but escaped from the New Prison to Clerkenwell Bridewell, with a twenty-two-foot wall between them and liberty. Gimlet and pincers handy, a scaling-ladder soon made good this second escape.

Jack now, with two accomplices, plundered a Mr. Burton of £300 in notes and bonds, and also of a suit of clothes worth £20. A Mr. Kneebone, a woollen draper in the Strand, was fruitful to the amount of £50. On July 19, Sheppard and Joseph Beale, alias Blueskin, stopped a coach upon the Hampstead Road, and robbed a lady's maid of half-a-crown. On the 20th the pair stopped a bibulous Mr. Pargiter between the turnpike and Hampstead, who disgorged the paltry sum of three shillings.

"Blueskin," says the Newgate Calendar, "knocked Pargiter down twice with the end of his pistol to make sure work, though excess of drinking had done that before, but Sheppard did in kindness raise him up as often." D d I not say that the lad had charm?

AND so it goes on to the inevitable end. On November 10 poor Jack was once more sentenced. Even then his courage did not desert him, and he planned to lean forward in the cart, cut the cord round his wrists upon a concealed knife, and run for it. But being searched he must yield up the knife, and with it hope.

Jack's manner at the place of execution was of the seemliest, and he who had bubbled with ribaldry in life now made grave confession. Whibley credits him with saying: "Of two virtues I have ever cherished an honest pride: never have I stooped to friendship with Jonathan Wild, or with any of his detestable thief-takers; and, though an undutiful son, I never damned my mother's eyes." He was hanged at Tyburn, on Monday, November 16, 1724, in the twenty-third year of his age, dying "with great difficulty, and much pitiéd by the mob."

Now, my production boys, what about it? For Jack I would cast Dan Duryea. And what about Charles Laughton as Jonathan Wild? If there are any bookshops in California I invite such film magnates as can read to get hold of Fielding's masterpiece. I will go further and encourage Charles Laughton to damn everybody's eyes and make the film himself.

"SLASHER
GREEN"

Ever since 1943, when he came right to the top in his first West End show, *Strike a New Note*, Sid Field has been hailed as our leading comedian. He is thought to be the greatest clown since Dan Leno, with his fine use of pathos and natural fooling. He comes from Birmingham and has been on the stage thirty years, earning seven and six a week for his first stage job. Although he has made the characters of "spivs" and "Slasher Green" so famous, his range of characterization is much greater. He can be in turn a frustrated and pathetic golfer, a xylophone performer, a seedy professor, a Cockney barrow-boy, a frenzied photographer and many more, all in the space of one unforgettable performance.



John Deakin

SHOW GUIDE

Straight Plays

The Man From The Ministry (Comedy). Very slick topical comedy with Clifford Mollison and Beryl Mason.

The Guinea Pig (Criterion). Humour and serious thought based on the Fleming Report on public schools. Excellent acting in a first-rate play.

Message For Margaret (Duchess). Emotion and conflict between the wife and the mistress of a dead man, with Flora Robson giving one of the best performances of her career.

Caste (Duke of York's). T. W. Robertson's comedy-drama, originally presented in 1867, with Marie Lohr, Diana Churchill, Morland Graham. A delightful old-world play.

Fools Rush In (Fortune). Joyce Barbour, Bernard Lee, Brenda Bruce and Nigel Patrick in another amusing story of the *Quiet Wedding* type.

Born Yesterday (Garrick). Hartley Power and Yolande Donlan in Laurence Olivier's production of this new American comedy.

The Gleam (Globe). Warren Chetham Strode's new play based on another of the most important of today's problems gives food for thought and good entertainment.

Lady Windermere's Fan (Haymarket). Dorothy Hyson, Isabel Jeans and Athene Seyler, in a revival of Oscar Wilde's comedy of manners. A decorative entertainment.

The Winslow Boy (Lyric). Terence Rattigan's fine play on the Archer-Shee case with Angela Baddeley, Frank Cellier and Emlyn Williams.

The Old Vic Theatre Company (New) in *Cyrano de Bergerac*, *The Alchemist*, and *An Inspector Calls*, with Ralph Richardson, Nicholas Hannen, Margaret Leighton, Joyce Redman and Alec Guinness.

Caviar To The General (New Lindsey Theatre). An amusing satirical comedy on Russian-American relations with some delightfully wicked performances from Eugenie Leontovich, John McLaren and Bonar Colleano, Jr.

Antony and Cleopatra (Piccadilly). Shakespeare's tragedy, with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle.

Lady Frederick (Savoy). Coral Browne as that charming adventuress, Lady Frederick Berolles, in a revival of Somerset Maugham's first stage success.

But For The Grace Of God (St. James's). Epigrammatic Lonsdale wit by A. E. Matthews and Mary Jerrold, and murder and manly reticence by Hugh McDermott and Robert Douglas.

Fifty-Fifty (Strand). A farce about a factory run by the workers in the form of the House of Commons, with Harry Green and Frank Pettingel.

No Room At The Inn (Winter Garden). Freda Jackson as a sadistic woman in charge of evacuees. Powerful acting in a powerful play.

Clutterbuck (Wyndham's). Ronald Ward, Naunton Wayne, Patricia Burke and Constance Cummings on a cruise which ends in amusing complications.

With Music

Sweetest and Lowest (Ambassadors). Hermione Gingold, Henry Kendall, deliciously malicious as ever.

Pacific, 1860 (Drury Lane). Noel Coward's new operetta with Mary Martin. The Coward touch is, as always, tuneful, accomplished and spectacular.

Perchance To Dream (Hippodrome). Music and romance in the Novello manner with Barry Sinclair and Roma Beaumont.

Under The Counter (Phoenix). Cicely Courtneidge blithely dealing in the Black Market, ably assisted by Cyril Raymond and Thorley Walters.

Between Ourselves (Playhouse). New revue by Eric Maschwitz.

Piccadilly Hayride (Prince of Wales). Sid Field in person at the top of a great supporting caste.

The Shephard Show (Princes). Richard Hearne, Eddie Gray, Douglas Byng, Arthur Riscoe and Marie Burke as the leading lights.

Children's Shows

Red Riding Hood (Adelphi). Nervo and Knox.

Mother Goose (Casino). Stanley Holloway, Celia Lipton.

The Wizard Of Oz (Winter Garden). Claude Hulbert, Walter Crisham, Raymond Lovell.



Ralph Richardson as Face, a merry rogue who furthers his own ends with unscrupulous dexterity



Three of the Victims: Abel Drugger (Alec Guinness), whose passion for cheese upsets his acquaintances, Tribulation (Michael Raghavan), a foolish pastor, and Ananias (Peter Copley), a religious maniac sadly lacking in restraint

Theatre

"The Alchemist" (New)

THERE is general surprise that London's liveliest, lowest, most laughable show should be from the classic pen of Jonson. Few of us, if we are honest, can set ourselves up beside the hero who picked the piece for the Old Vic and say, "I told you so! I told you that if this piece were properly played Mr. Ralph Richardson, Mr. George Relph, Mr. Alec Guinness and their colleagues would outshine in low comedy all the low comedians of the town—outshine these popular drolls because they would have incomparably better material."

I certainly make no claim to be one of the few: I share the general surprise.

Jonson has long been damned by a conspiracy of faint approval. Of course we knew that his contemporaries considered him the greatest comic writer of the age, and that the late eighteenth century preferred his comedies to those of Shakespeare. That made him no easier in the reading. Of course we approved the precision of his satire, admired the richness of his language and perceived that he knew human nature uncommonly well, even for a professional satirist. Yet to most of us there seemed something joyless and essentially unsympathetic in his work.

PERHAPS he knew human nature a little too well for the purposes of comedy, and we remembered Shakespeare's presumed description of his friend as "the purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight." Even in performance, at Malvern and other places where we learn to endure our own satirical masterpieces, *The Alchemist* was never, I thought, much fun. Rather something one was glad to have seen and hoped to be spared in future; its last words, as I recall, were "The jury will be exempted from further service for seven years."

What exactly has happened to make such rip-roaring fun of the same piece now? If credit for the seeming miracle could be given to any one man, it would be given to the producer, Mr. John Burrell. Mr. Burrell has



The Dupe, The Bawd and The Sceptic: Sir Epicure Mammon (Nicholas Hannen), a knight whose girth is bigger than his brain; Dol Common (Joyce Redman), who appears to steal his heart but takes his purse instead; and Surly (Michael Warre), to whom the alchemist and his crew are merely crooks

discovered the Heaven-sent pace for the action. If it went any faster it would hardly be intelligible; any slower and we should boggle, as we boggle in the reading, over obscurities and lost allusions in the rhetoric.

As it is, we are swept along. What we see sufficiently elucidates what may be obscure in what we hear, and what is not obscure puts what we see into a strongly sardonic and immensely comic light. But Mr. Burrell cannot be allowed all the credit.

NOT many companies could sustain this pace without blurring the comedy, and I cannot recall an instant's blurring. Swiftly as the pectacle of rogues fleecing fools moves, Mr. Richardson, and all who are a part of it, display a nimble precision in fooling which witches on all the proper lights and cross-lights. Mr. Richardson obviously enjoys every aspect of Face, whether knavering calls upon him to be a gallant captain or a smudgy arlet or, as must happen in the end, a sub-eruent butler, decorously liveried with smooth lies on his tongue. It is he who spurs the plot, but Subtle, the alchemist, who has all the secrets of the universe at the call of his pedagogic incantations, is almost as near the centre of things, and he is played with infinitely oily relish by Mr. George Relph.

Abel Drugger is the rich little part which Garrick and Kean have played. Garrick's Abel, we are told, was awkward, simple and unobtrusive, without grimace or gesticulation. Kean presented the little tobacconist "as an exquisite piece of ludicrous naïveté." Mr. Alec Guinness would seem to be nearer to Kean than to Garrick.

His Abel is a glorious mingling of asiminity and pathos, and the little man's distress when his hopes of getting something for nothing are brought to naught by the discovery of a two-guinea pocket piece is really moving. He had received it from his grandmother, and would fain save it for his grandchildren.

MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN as Sir Epicure Mammon, a huge swollen dream of the materialist's good life, gives the best performance of his career, and Mr. Peter Copley distinguishes himself as the ecstatic Anabaptist. Miss Joyce Redman's is the only questionable performance. She attempts to capture Dol Common in a storm of energetic burlesque, but the dame is too tough for burlesque. But, altogether, it is a wonderfully vivid tapestry of Jacobean crookery. ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Alchemist in Person (George Relph), a versatile trickster, who deals in every form of Black Art if his palm is crossed with gold

BACKSTAGE

After his brief, hustling visit to New York, during which he saw most of the current shows, Firth Shephard will have a busy time in casting and rehearsing his new productions, chief of which is the American comedy *Life With Father* now in its eighth year on Broadway. It will have an all-British company here and I expect an interesting piece of casting for the part of Father and for his family of three redhead sons. Sophie Stewart, last seen in *Lady From Edinburgh*, is to be leading lady.

Another Shephard production will be R. F. Delderfield's comedy *Peace Comes to Peckham*, recently seen at the Embassy. I understand that most of the cast will be new, and that it will include that buxom comedienne Bertha Belmore who recently returned to England after several years in the States.

TERESA HELBURN, who came over here to supervise the production of S. N. Behrman's comedy *Jane* at the Aldwych, is one of the leading spirits of the New York Theatre Guild who are presenting the play in association with the H. M. Tennent firm. She tells me that this summer they are bringing over one of their greatest American successes, the musical play *Oklahoma* by Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers. This is likely to be followed by *Carousel*, by the same authors.

The Guild, normally associated only with the serious drama, first went into musical play production because *Oklahoma* and *Carousel* were musical adaptations of their straight play successes, *Green Grow the Lilacs* and *Liliom*. Miss Helburn also tells me that Hammerstein and Rodgers are writing a new musical show on an original subject at present entitled *Allegro*. It will be presented in New York this autumn.

MOIRA VERSCHOYLE who has done the décor for *The Rossiters* which the Company of Four are presenting at the Lyric, Hammersmith, after a three weeks' tour opening at Brighton on February 10, is the wife of Warren Chetham Strode. Her designs for her husband's plays, *The Guinea Pig* and *The Gleam* have been much admired.

Mrs. Strode, who has taste in dress as well as in stage decoration, is an Irishwoman of striking beauty and personality from Limerick. The Strodes who, with their seventeen-year-old son compose a very good-looking trio, have a charming house in Chelsea.

In *The Rossiters* Diana Wynyard will be seen in the sympathetic part of a cripple, with Marjorie Fielding as her mother-in-law. It has a serious theme and is the first play by Kenneth Hyde who is an understudy in *Lady Frederick*. It will mark actor Alan Webb's first assignment as a producer.

I GATHER that Vernon Sylvaine's light comedy, *The Anonymous Lover*, which opens its tour at Cambridge next Monday, is a witty trifle something in the Lonsdale vein. It has only four characters, played by Hugh Sinclair and his wife Valerie Taylor, Raymond Huntley and Ambrosine Phillpots. Sinclair appears as a successful playwright who causes trouble by turning his wife's best friend into one of the characters of his play.

The Anonymous Lover is being presented by Peter Daubeny, among whose further offerings will be *We Proudly Present*, the first straight play which Ivor Novello has written since *Comedienne* which was staged nearly eight years ago at the Haymarket. It opens at Southsea on March 24 and the cast will include Phyllis Monkman, Ena Burrrill and Mary Jerrold who will be free as *But For the Grace of God* ends its run at the St. James's on March 1.

WHEN the Arthur Askey musical success ends its long run at His Majesty's very soon it will be followed by Jack Hylton's production of the Victor Herbert operetta *Romany Love*, which is having an eight weeks' run in Manchester.

I HEAR that a season of ballet will probably follow *Little Red Riding Hood* at the Adelphi. It will be a brief one as C. B. Cochran's production of *Bless the Bride*, a light opera by A. P. Herbert and Vivian Ellis, is due there in April.

Beaumont Kent.

YOU ask me for a self-profile; but going into the question I find it is not a question of self but of selves.

A turnip has only one self. A man is different. An imaginative man is very different. He is often in fact a crowd, and a very mixed crowd; and that is our case. If this omnibus which you have hailed so lightly were to drive up to the TATLER office and we all tried to come in, separately, would you let all of us in? I don't know. But some of us are really quite decent, and on their account, perhaps you will.

On which supposition I proceed.

Once we were very young (though we don't look it), and as children, we heard the drums of the Prussian army and saw with childish eyes, in the fair city of Paris, the column Vendôme lying smashed on the ground. Pulled down not by Prussians but by Communists! That was in 1871.

Later on in that same year we saw Nice, not as it is but as it was; and the Russian nobles not as they are but as they were. Making all out for Monte Carlo, in carriages drawn by coal-black horses driven by queer-looking coachmen in belted tunics and queer-looking hats.

WE laughed at this, but one of us, who boasts now of powers of prevision, did not laugh. He has always been a gloomy creature, anyhow, and only talks sometimes and then in whispers that make people shudder—yet, even he, almost laughed at the sight of oranges growing on trees; a common sight in Nice, but a sight that didn't last long, for

Self-Profile

H. de Vere Stacpoole

by

H. de Vere Stacpoole

our mother whisked us back to Ireland where she sent us to school. We didn't like school and we promptly ran away from it.

Now wasn't that a silly thing to do! But it was mostly the fault of the pirate amongst us, who wanted to take us off to the South Seas, and long years after did so.

When I think of most of the stupidities we have committed, I find myself saying, "was that us?"

With common-sense replying (she is of our party), "No, not us, but one of us taking charge of the others and acting as leader. For 'selves,' like Germans, love to be led, even if it is into the ditch; where we have never been led, simply because, as you said a moment ago, I am of our party. I know I'm an ugly old thing but where would we have been without me?"

"When we started this publishing business of ours, fifty years ago, where would we have been without me? On the rocks most surely and that within a year. Who stopped us from signing contracts that would have seriously crippled the Bank of England if the old lady of Threadneedle Street had put her signature on the dotted line? Who saved us from actions for libel and slander? Who, when our spring poet broke into verdure and leaves, went to Harrods and bought that big waste paper basket for the leaves to fall into—since they had to fall somewhere. Who? . . ." and so she goes on.

Maybe she's right and that man's common-sense self, governing his other selves and holding them together, as a hoop holds the staves of a barrel, is his real self when it comes to the question of a profile—well, let's imagine it so, anyhow.

"I BEG your pardon Mr. Editor—yes—now I can hear you better—No, it wasn't bad language you heard, must have been atmospherics—yes—yes—I'm glad you want to publish the stuff I send in—yes—you want some confirmation of what I wrote—and you would like a few personal words with the common-sense self—you mean Jane; I'll call her. Jane, come here and put your nose to the microphone."

"Yes, Mr. Editor—yes fairly distinctly. Yes, it's Jane speaking—I can't tell you much more than what he said. I read it all before he sent it to you. Confirmation? Yes, we have all been confirmed, I did not know you were a religious magazine—I beg your pardon, yes, of course it was all true, why couldn't you have asked that instead of beating about the—I'm not losing my temper and if I did lose my temper wouldn't I have enough cause to lose my temper these days, what between doing the housework and attending to the bills and standing in queues—yes, they make me do the marketing—and trying to get them to stop smoking us out of house and home, with tobacco three shillings an ounce and matches next to unobtainable—and fish for the cat, and she'll only eat cod, and only yesterday I said to the man at Mac Fisheries I don't know what's coming to the animals, they're nearly as bad as the men with their strikes and fancies, and the—I beg your pardon; I am not a 'dear lady,' and I know quite well how to stick to my points, thank you. . . .

"**Y**ES, we were born in 1863 on the ninth of April—it's not nearly a hundred years ago, that's a long time yet, as I ought to know, for they're arranging to give a party to celebrate it. Who? The boys of course. Yes, of course we'll ask you if you are alive, and if you come you had better put it down in your notebook to order an ambulance to take you home, if it's anything like the last party they gave. When was that? It was after a play they brought out about the South Seas, yes, of course I went with them to the South Seas. You've heard stories about Mr. Shinwell up palm trees with kanaka girls? No, I'm not deaf—stories about them shinning up palm trees after kanaka girls? Why wouldn't you have spoken distinctly—well, you've heard wrong, I've never seen them do such—and now, perhaps, we will change the subject if you please, for I've things to be attended to besides talking over telephones, same as I was held the other day when I was doing my dusting by a gentleman asking all sorts of questions I couldn't make head or tail of while another slipped in through the back door and robbed the house. Not that I am charging you with anything like that—Are you there?"

"Well, Mr. Editor I hope you like Jane. Charming isn't she? And you don't want any confirmation of her existence—do you?"



Drawing by
Philip Youngman Carter

H. de Vere Stacpoole, son of a Dublin clergyman, became famous before the first World War on the publication of his novel *The Blue Lagoon*. Since then he has written many other works of equal distinction. Educated at Malvern, he studied medicine for some time before adopting literature as his chosen profession. He lives in the Isle of Wight



Mr. W. H. J. Summerskill, who was Head Boy at Harrow and is an Oxford Rugger Blue, speaking at the party he gave at the Savoy to celebrate his coming-of-age. On his left is Miss Hilary Chadwick-Brooke



Mr. Summerskill with his father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. W. Hedley Summerskill, of Portsmouth and Harley Street, and his sister. He, too, is studying medicine and has just won a scholarship at St. Mary's Hospital



Tasker, Press Illustrations

The host (third from right) with a group of friends, including Miss Jennifer Spier, Miss E. A. Sheppard, Mrs. B. Field, Miss Mary Atkins and two former captains of the Oxford Rugby team, A. M. Campbell (1943-44) and J. K. Pearce (1945-46)

Twenty-First Birthday An Oxford Rugby Blue Celebrates

The Three Arts Club Ball

Some Guests and Helpers



Mrs. Walter Whigham (vice-chairman), Mr. Walter Whigham, Miss Geidt and Mr. Peter Samuelson at supper. The ball was held at the Dorchester



H.E. the Chinese Ambassador, M. Cheng Tien-Hsi, and his wife



The Marchioness of Carisbrooke and Sir Herbert E. Morgan (Hon. Treasurer)



Programme sellers, all members of the Club, included the Misses Tilda Page, Felicity Gower, Dorothy Paynter, Cynthia Dawson, Yvonne Waide, Nancy Manningham, Joanna Macrae and June Thompson



Members of the hunt ball committee photographed together at Abercairney, Crieff, where the ball took place. Sitting: Mrs. Broadhurst, Mrs. Hutchieson, Mrs. Drummond-Moray (the hostess), Mrs. Finlay and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay. Standing: Capt. N. A. Milton (Master of the Hunt), Mr. W. H. Lomas, Mrs. Coarse-Scott, Lady Denby-Roberts, Mr. A. Clark, Mrs. Milton, Col. Borrowman (secretary to the Hunt), Major Coarse-Scott, Col. Hutchieson (vice-chairman) and Mr. Charles McTaggart

The Perth Drag Hunt Ball



Mr. G. M. Bell and Miss K. Bell, of Chapelbank, and Dr. D. L. Macrae, of Tibbermore



Viscount Stormont, son and heir of the Earl of Mansfield, and Miss MacGregor of MacGregor



A popular figure at the ball was Mr. Charles McTaggart, who played the pipes for the eightsome reel and gave the band a rest



Mrs. Graham Menzies, of Hallyburton, talking during an interval to the Earl of Mansfield, who came over from Scone



Major James Drummond-Hay of Seggieden, Miss Laird, Mr. David Robertson, Mrs. D. P. Laird, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, Mr. Norman Horsburgh, Mrs. Horsburgh, Mr. James Duncan and Mr. Heriot-Maitland, of Errol Park



Johnson, Oxford

Hounds, with Clarence Johnston, the huntsman (on the grey), about to draw the first covert at Kirtlington Park, which is the home of Mrs. H. M. Budgett. Hounds found in the first five minutes. The Bicester country lies in Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire and Northamptonshire and adjoins the Pytchley in the north

The Bicester and Warden Hill Meet at Kirtlington Park



Mrs. Lloyd-Mostyn, who is a Joint-Master, talking to the huntsman



Miss Lavinia Holland-Hibbert and her father, the Hon. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert, brother of Viscount Knutsford



Mr. Alan Budgett, Capt. J. F. Lovegrove (Master of the United, which hunts in Salop and Montgomery), Mr. Arthur Budgett and Mrs. J. F. Lovegrove



Another Joint-Master, Major M. W. Beaumont, and his wife. Their home is Wotton House, Aylesbury



Miss Catherine Lloyd gets a friendly greeting from one of the hounds. Joint-Masters of the Bicester include Earl Beatty and Capt. P. Long (Warden Hill country)



Harriet
Mrs. T. C. Braithwaite is the wife of Lt.-Col. Thomas Colin Braithwaite, O.B.E. She was formerly the widow of Lt. J. Marden, 9th Lancers, and is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. W. Hunter Thorburn, of Glenormiston, Peebles



Lenore
Mrs. P. W. G. Phillips, whose marriage took place recently to Major Peter William Garside Phillips, M.C. Mrs. Phillips is the only daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. G. E. Tiarks. Her husband is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Phillips



Pearl Freeman
Señorita Juanita Subercaseaux is the youngest daughter of the Minister Counsellor at the Chilean Embassy. She is a descendant of Simon Bolívar, the famous South American liberator. Her great-grandfather was the first Chilean Minister in London

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

HOWEVER far it may seem from these short, wintry January days to the long, and this year, let us hope, fine days of summer, already plans are maturing for the 1947 "season" which will follow the return of

Their Majesties from South Africa in the middle of May.

LOOKING WELL AHEAD Besides the official visit to Edinburgh in July, when the King and Queen will for a

week be in residence at the Palace of Holyroodhouse—from July 14 to 21—as has been their regular custom in recent years, I have advance news of many other engagements, including a visit of several days' duration by Their Majesties to the Home Fleet in Scottish waters. First big function following on the Royal travellers' return will be a State reception in the City of London, with a civic luncheon, probably at Guildhall, as the central feature of the celebrations.

Ascot dates for this year will be June 17, 18, 19 and 20, and both the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth have tentatively arranged to be present on each of the four days' racing, though we must wait till nearer the date before we know whether the same "semi-austerity" rules which kept the Royal Enclosure bare of toppers and morning coats last year will be again in force this year. It is considered most likely that the strict rule of austerity will be relaxed to permit those who wish to wear formal clothes, but there will be no attempt to enforce any standard of dress for men or women even in the Enclosure.

QUEEN MARY, accompanied by her brother, the Earl of Athlone, and his wife, Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, was in the Royal box at Covent Garden for the first performance of *Carmen*. This opera, which was sung in English, opened the season of opera presented by the

QUEEN MARY AT COVENT GARDEN newly-formed Covent Garden Opera Trust, which works in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain. The opera, which was conducted by Karl Rankl, had a splendid reception.

On the opening night Sir John Anderson, who is chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust, was in a box with Lady Anderson, who looked charming in an evening dress of bottle-green. They were visited during the evening by Lady

Cunard, another great music-lover. Sir Stafford and Lady Cripps were in a box, and other members of the Government I saw there were Mr. Dalton with his wife, Mr. Aneurin Bevan with his M.P.-wife, and Miss Ellen Wilkinson chatting to Mrs. Herbert Morrison. Also in the audience were Lady Clifford, the beautiful American-born wife of Sir Bede Clifford, the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Trinidad, with her three attractive daughters. Mrs. Winston Churchill came with a woman-friend, and was most understanding and kind when she found someone already occupying her seats—a difficulty that was soon overcome. Mrs. Ducas, looking very attractive in purple, was sitting in the stalls. Sir Kenneth Clark was accompanied by Lady Clark, wearing a striking white dress and white ermine coat.

The Countess of Lytton, Sir Alan Herbert, Sir William and Lady Haley, the Hon. James Smith, Professor Dent, Dr. William Walton, Lady Seton-Karr, Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, Lord Berners, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hulton, Mr. Cecil Beaton, and Robert Helpmann were others in the audience on the opening night.

ONE of the most welcome visitors to Buckingham Palace for a long time was Mr. John Winant, former U.S. Ambassador at St. James's, who gained the personal friendship and esteem of Their Majesties—as well as of hundreds of their subjects—during his sympathetic tenure of the Embassy. Mr. Winant came to receive from the King his insignia as a member of the Order of Merit, that splendidly-conceived honour which, while it ranks among the highest of distinctions, yet carries no title or precedence. In the case of Mr. Winant, of course, the award is an "honorary" one, since he is a foreigner. But it is none the less a definite symbol of the regard in which that dark-haired, deep-browed American is held in this country. After the private "Investiture," Mr. Winant remained to luncheon with the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth.

MRS. WASHINGTON SINGER, who is a very devoted granny, gave a lovely children's party at the Dorchester for seven of her grandchildren. After a delicious tea with crackers, there was a ventriloquist to entertain the children.

Mrs. Washington Singer's three daughters, Mrs. Edgar Barker, Mrs. Stephen and Mrs. Hennessy, were all there with their children. Lady McLean brought her daughter, Mrs.

Richard Westmacott, and her little granddaughter, but her other daughter, Lady Carrington, could not go to the party as she had a bad cold. Mrs. Stephen Player, looking very pretty, brought Peter, James and Karen. Mrs. John Donaldson-Hudson brought her two-year-old daughter, Charlotte, who looked sweet in a smocked dress and was thoroughly enjoying her first party and playing with little Peter Hennessy. The Hon. Mrs. Michael Bull brought her two boys, and so did Mrs. Pike.

Other children I saw there were Vanessa Marsh, whose father trained Windsor Lad when he won the Derby, Virginia Sligh, Anne Hopkinson, Clare Taft and Dilys St. Stephen. There were some fathers there, too. Among those I met were Mr. Stephen Player, the Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), the Hon. Freddie Hennessy, Major Edgar Barker and Colonel Pike.

THE Buccleuch Hunt held their first Hunt Ball since the war this month in Kelso. It was one of the best-dressed balls I have been to, and although the silks and satins may have been pre-war, the dresses all looked remarkably up to date. The jewellery was lovely, too, the outstanding piece being the Duchess of Buccleuch's lovely diamond necklace.

There were over 400 guests, and many of the "Border" folk had house-parties for the ball. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch brought a party including their son and heir, the Earl of Dalkeith, and their pretty younger daughter, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott. The Countess of Minto looked very attractive in royal purple velvet with a lovely diamond tiara, while her sister, the Countess of Haddington, was looking very chic in black. The Earl and Countess of Ellesmere I saw queuing for the excellent supper that was given. Earl Haig I saw dancing with Miss Patricia Durant. Lord and Lady Stratheden and Campbell brought their daughter Clayre and a party from Jedburgh. The Duke and

The Buccleuch Hunt Ball at Kelso

The first Buccleuch Hunt Ball since the war was recently held in the Tait Hall, Kelso, and was remarkable for its brilliance, to which the pink coats with *eau-de-nil* facings of the hunt evening dress contributed a colourful note. The hall was beautifully decorated, and the whole event was very gay and successful. Jennifer describes it below

Photographs by
Clapperton, Selkirk

Duchess of Roxburghe brought a party from doors.

Others there were Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, Col. Walter Elliot, M.P., and Mrs. Elliot, vivacious Miss Mary Anderson in an attractive white-and-red spotted off-the-shoulder rock; Mr. Charles Murray, who had been doing round of the Highland balls; Mr. Phil Warburton-Lee, son of the gallant V.C.; Mrs. Farnawe, who brought a party including her son and daughter, Michael and Jill; Miss Violet Johnstone-Stewart, Mr. Humphrey Scott-Plummer, and Mr. Andrew Younger.

Col. John Scott, the acting M.F.H., ably backed by his Hunt Committee, held a very successful auction with gifts from members of the Hunt. Particularly popular were the bottles of old brandy, helped, no doubt, by the fact that the hills around were all snow-covered that night, and a nip of old cognac is very warming.

VERY young and very fair Miss Molly Biddulph, wearing a wedding dress of white velvet with a beautiful Limerick lace veil, made lovely bride as she walked up the aisle of Holy Trinity, Brompton, with her father, the hon. Michael Biddulph, for her marriage to

Mr. Thomas Walker-Munro.

A CHARMING WEDDING She had no bridesmaids and was attended only by four little pages wearing kilts of the Munro tartan with white silk shirts and lace jabots; they were her cousins, George Jeffreys and Richard Gurowski, the bridegroom's cousin, Jamie Munro, and David Meynell.

After the ceremony, the hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph, who looked charming in brown and more like the bride's sister than her mother, held a reception in Stanhope Gate, where they received the guests with the bridegroom's parents, Major and Mrs. Walker-Munro.

Among those I saw at the reception were the bride's uncle, the Earl of Normanton, with his attractive wife in brown, her aunts, Lady Rosemary Jeffreys and Lady Mary Pretyman, the bridegroom's uncle, Sir Torquil Munro, with his attractive wife and little girl (their small son was one of the pages), the bridegroom's twin brothers, Lionel and Hugh, and his brother Patrick, who had been best man. Miss Carmen Munro, Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, the hon. Elizabeth Somers Cocks and her mother, Lady Somers, Mrs. Drummond of Eskhill, Mrs. Milburn, Lady Pearson, chatting to Mrs. Kenneth Hunter; Mrs. Loftus, Mr. Christopher Hodson, and Mrs. Ross, with an attractive debutante daughter, chatting to Mrs. Victor Jones, who was also accompanied by a debutante daughter.

After the bride cut the cake, the bridegroom made a charming short speech thanking Canon Rorison, who had proposed their health, and all friends for coming to their wedding, and said he hoped that he and his wife would make a home that everyone would want to come to. The young couple left for a honeymoon in Switzerland, the bride wearing a long, brown velvet coat and tight-fitting cap to match.



The Duchess of Buccleuch with Col. Walter Elliot, M.P., a former Secretary of State for Scotland



There was an amusing interlude when Col. John Scott auctioned a spaniel presented by Mrs. Cairns. Mr. Humphrey Scott-Plummer (centre) recorded the bids



Earl Haig, who succeeded his father, the famous soldier, in 1928, with Miss Patricia Duran



Mr. Andrew Younger, the Hon. Clayre Campbell, Lady Caroline Scott, the Duke of Buccleuch's younger daughter, and Count de Lasteirie



Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck with the Earl of Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's only son and heir



Mr. Windley, Lady Stratheden and Campbell, Mrs. Windley and Lord Stratheden and Campbell, who is a Guards Colonel



Ireland's Finest Horseman

Poole, Dublin

Claim to such a title—and that in a nation of horse-lovers and experts—might well be laid by Lt.-Col. J. Hume Dudgeon, here seen addressing the North Kildare Harriers children's day meet. Lt.-Col. Dudgeon, who served through World War II, with his regiment, the Scots Greys, captained the British Army Jumping Team for many years, and in 1936 they won the championship in both America and Dublin. He has now left the Army and runs a riding-school in Co. Dublin.

Michael Hallinan

An Irish

Church Restorations . . .

. . . Unwanted Statue

MOTORING into Dublin the other day I stopped in Kildare to look at the cathedral church of St. Brigid. As I walked around the church, I could not but help thinking about the Fountains Abbey controversy. Although this church is very much smaller than Fountains, it is one of the best examples of restoration that I have ever come across.

Kildare Cathedral was built in its present form in the first half of the thirteenth century, though there had been an ecclesiastical building on the site since early Christian days, as the Round Tower, which still stands, denotes. In the seventeenth century, during the Civil War, when Cromwell was earning for himself his bad reputation which we still recall, the church was destroyed. At the end of the century a small portion of the church was restored, but it was not until after the Irish Churches Act of 1869 that the complete restoration was begun, and it was not completed until 1896.

When I think of Victorian restoration of churches, St. Patrick's and Christchurch always come to mind, and often I wish that the wealthy brewers and distillers who restored these churches had not done the work quite so thoroughly. It is hard when standing in the nave of either church to realise that they are really Mediæval and not Victorian Gothic.

AT Kildare the reverse is the case. The restoration here is so good that it is only on careful examination that one realises that all the walls are not in their original state. The task at Kildare must have been far harder, for an engraving shows the church in almost complete ruin, whilst Christchurch and St. Patrick's, in Dublin, only required overhauling and patching.

Up till my visit to Kildare I was one of those bitterly against the restoration of the Benedictine Abbey of Fountains, but a few minutes here did convince me that if the local stone is available, such work is possible.

The Round Tower which stands alongside the church is one of the thirteen in Ireland which still remain in perfect condition. It stands some 108 ft. high, but the coned or corbelled roof was replaced in the eighteenth century by castellation. These round towers are always found in conjunction with early Christian settlements. They were belfries, but in times of war they might be used as keeps or look-out towers.

FROM Kildare I passed on across the Curragh, which is associated in most Englishmen's minds with horse-racing and breeding. This time I passed the military were pretty evident. I thought for a moment of the Curragh Mutiny before World War One; then I thought of the English and Germans who had been interned here during World War Two.

Now my mind was directed on the National Army. The Irish Army has recently been very much in the news owing to a number of senior officers being asked to retire before their time. I do not know the rights and wrongs of each case, but I do know that the Army is short of recruits and that the premature retiring or "axeing" of certain officers is not very encouraging to a potential recruit who might find himself in the same position in twenty-five years' time. It is strange that the Army should be short of men, yet if you pick up a paper hardly a day passes without an Irishman being mentioned in some British Army incident in Germany, Palestine or India.

Commentary

Army Man-Power Shortage . . .

. . . Labour Courts

One of the disadvantages of enlisting in the Irish Army is that there is little hope of seeing the world, and the chances are that the officer or man will spend his military career in the twenty-six counties (and I hope one day also in the North). We have never fought an Imperialist or aggressive war outside our own shores, and I hope we do not start now; but I do feel recruiting would improve if there was a chance of travel. It has often crossed my mind that it might be possible for Ireland to make arrangements with other smaller nations to exchange troops during the training seasons—I feel an exchange between Ireland and certain Continental nations for three or four months a year would be an expenditure well worth while.

I BEGAN this article talking of preservation, and, as I have shown in some of my previous notes, I am deeply interested in this. However, now I am anxious to destroy something—or, at least, have it removed. Many fine statues have been taken down in Dublin and in the twenty-six counties on account of their political association. Where it was a fine statue, I can only regret such action. There is also continual talk about removing Nelson from the centre of Dublin and replacing him by a patriot. I do not feel very strongly about this, for the figure is so far up in the clouds that his personality barely counts.

No, the statue which amazes most people of all political creeds is that of Queen Victoria which sits outside Leinster House (our Houses of Parliament). First of all, Victoria had little love for Ireland, and Ireland even less for her. That is beside the point. The statue which portrays this little lady as a giantess blocks the whole of the front of this very fine building, which was once the home of the Leinsters. It is so hideous and out-of-keeping, yet there it remains behind iron gates guarded by soldiers and police, whilst the deputies and senators appear to pass each day to their sessions oblivious of this monstrous and incongruous statue.

As I write, the strikes are reaching a climax in England. Many who watched England with great respect during the years of the war now wonder what has happened. Realising the world shortages, and the many difficulties which all countries have to face, we find it hard to understand the spread of striking.

On the other hand, we are not free from it here. All last summer we had a teachers' strike, and, as I write, there are several small strikes and threats of more. The Labour Court set up last year has been working overtime. Unfortunately, it is only an advisory and conciliatory body. Many industrialists and employees would prefer that its ruling were Court ruling. There is no need for either side to abide by the Court's views, and many think it is only slowing up the normal process of conciliation.

Many disputes are inevitable with the rising cost of living, but I am inclined to believe the Labour Court at least allows the public to know the facts on both sides, and it may be that which stops wholesale striking.

Postscript

GORMANSTON CASTLE, which I wrote about four weeks ago, has been sold to Mercury Films, in order that studios may be built (*vide* my last article). I am delighted for our sake.

London is to see both Michael MacLiammoir's *Ill-Met by Moonlight* and Walter Macken's *Mungo's Mansion*, two plays I have mentioned. The latter is being retitled for London *Galway Handicap*. I am delighted for your sake.



Fennell, Dublin

Over forty youthful riders turned up for the annual children's meet of the North Kildare Harriers at Castletown, Celbridge, Co. Kildare, the residence of Lord and Lady Carew. Lt.-Col. Hume Dudgeon, Joint-Master with Lord Carew of the pack, is giving the children a talk on "The Etiquette of Hunting" before the field moves off



Lord and Lady Carew on the steps of their home with their children, the Hon. Diana Sylvia, the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Gerald Conolly-Carew



Miss Frances Boylan (mounted) and her sister, Miss Magda Boylan, daughters of Lt.-Col. Frank Boylan, of Sallins, Co. Kildare, at the meet

Young Riders to Hounds Have a Meet of Their Own

Priscilla in Paris

O'Casey Takes a Toss

BEING an early waker, if not an early riser, Friday is the most disagreeable day in the week for me. At about twenty minutes past seven the dawn of consciousness makes me aware of my comfortable bed in a moderately warm room that will become cosily so when the open window is closed. With the waking wriggle and stretch of a good circulation, I turn over and try to sleep again. This rarely works, but I never give up trying.

At twenty-five minutes past I grope for the light switch and then plug in the electric kettle that will boil water for the little teapot prepared at my bedside. At seven-thirty, just as the water begins to simmer and sing, out goes the light and I belatedly remember that we shall be without electricity till five o'clock in the afternoon. The next problem is: do I grope my way to the kitchen, spilling warm water in my tracks and get busy with the gas-stove, or do I wait till my husband brings in the morning papers?

TO-DAY the question "answered itself," as we say over here, for this morning again there are no papers! Last night I was told, by some Press friends, the truth, that I have no reason to disbelieve, about this so-called "printers' strike." It is not a strike but a "lock-out," and has been brought about by the sabotage that has been going on ever since Léon Blum came into power. The provincial editions of the dailies have been held up and not dispatched in time, "copy" has been altered and tinged with pink whenever possible, etc., etc. The reasons for this had better not be mentioned on this fair page. Anyway, the owners have got together and declared the lock-out; they are to be congratulated most heartily.

This absence of morning papers does not worry me unduly, since the best thing about most of them is their crossword puzzles, and one can exist for a few mornings without hunting around for words in three letters meaning a "colour," a "number," a "personal pronoun" or a "letter of the Greek alphabet!"

TO be quite honest, I admit that this morning I dropped off into a ten-minutes slumber after a particularly late night. I had spent a grimly interminable evening at a little theatre that is almost off the Paris map in an un-get-able street nestling far away from any Metro station or bus route, in order to witness the first performance of an extremely poor translation of Sean O'Casey's *The Shadow of a Gunman*. What can have induced the management of these young *comédiens de la Roulotte*—in English "the Caravan players," though "Barnstormers" would be more descriptive—to pick on this play? How can a Parisian audience be expected to understand the Irish temperament, as interpreted by O'Casey? How can the soft brogue, the graphic and witty figures of speech, the lightning changes from grave to gay and back again, the tragic mixture of drama and comedy be appreciated when only the slang of the Paris underworld, with its monotonous drawl, is the means of expression, taken in too slow a tempo?



Georges Guétary, who is to star in C. B. Cochran's new production, "Bless the Bride," which opens in London early in April, has made a great name for himself in Paris on both stage and screen. He is a Greek, and was trained as a singer by his uncle, Tasso Janopoulo, the pianist. As "box office" in France he now ranks with Tino Rossi and Maurice Chevalier, and Cochran himself says "He really is quite something, I can tell you." He has starred in the films "Trente et Quarante," "Le Chevalier Noir," and the spectacular "Les Aventures de Casanova."

I could have wept as the evening advanced and the audience grew restless. Feet shuffled, programmes rustled, cellophane paper crackled as sweets were unwrapped and noisily scrunched. Timid coughs that at first had been politely suppressed, grew louder and louder and became paroxysms that provided an excuse to leave the theatre before the last act. I could have wept also because, although I have never seen this play in English (or should I say Irish?), I perceived, through the indifferent acting and the inadequate translation, the wit, pathos and tragedy gleaming like an old sardine tin seen through the muddied water of the village horsepond.

I might, of course, write "gleaming like a precious jewel," but given the sordid personages that Sean O'Casey portrays, sardine tin will serve. At all events, I have not wasted my

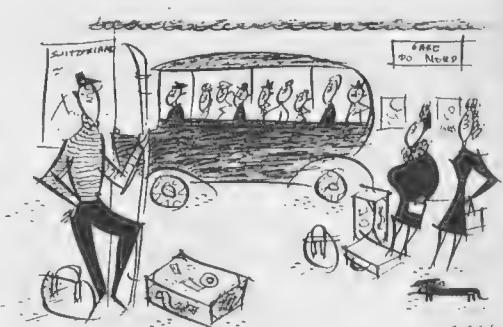
evening, since it has given me the desire to obtain, and read, the play in the vernacular.

FEELING greatly in need of a cheery nightcap on leaving the theatre, I flagged a passing taxi—that is to say, I stood dangerously in the middle of the narrow street waving an open umbrella—and politely inquired which way he might happen to be going. My luck was in. He was going home to the Montparnasse quarter, where a new cabaret, *Le Falbala*, opened on New Year's Eve, not very far from my home. It proved to be a pleasant place. Good orchestra. Nice floor and an excellent show, with, above all, the little English girl, Irene Norman, who has had such a big success at the Capucines. She is compared to the famous Emmie Campton, whom Paris took to its heart more years ago than I care to count, and after whose death no actress ever replaced till now.

An American favourite who has been in Paris recently is Cinda Glinn, not as an entertainer for the moment—much as we regret it—but enjoying a well-earned rest after years of entertaining the troops all over the world. The Far East, Africa, France, Germany. . . . She was in the snows of Belgium during the counter-offensive of '44 and nearly died of pneumonia. We are hoping to see her in Paris this year, but she has her own show and is in search of a theatre. And theatres are difficult to get hold of, though, at time of writing, the theatrical business is undergoing its annual slump. Christmas and New Year have reduced treasures to zero, and quarter-day looms! Not even the 5 per cent. cut cheers us up otherwise than morally. Beer and skittles have become water and shové-ha'penny, and the nondescript garments in which we depart for the winter sports have to be seen to be believed.

THIS reminds me to pass on the information that the French railways now run a motorbus between the main stations in Paris, as there is still a dearth of taxis. I found this out having, pleasurable, to meet a friend coming up from Perpignan and going straight through to London. Miss Chrysler being dry-docked for a general overhauling (the first time in twenty years!) in preparation for the spring campaign, I arrived at the station good and early by Metro . . . but not a taxi had deigned to arrive in the station-yard. An obliging porter told me the glad news about the bus. From the Gare d'Austerlitz it went to the Gare de Lyon, just across the river, and then on up to the Gare de l'Est and the Gare du Nord, where the Golden Arrow—*le dernier salon où l'on cause*—waited, a warm and luxurious haven on a damp, grim, raw, grey morning.

This bus ought to be useful for winter sports and Riviera travellers, but those who are coming home or merely going to hotels will still have to wrestle with luggage-carrying merchants and public conveyances. The P.C.s will seem cheap to British travellers, but the pirates who offer to carry the suitcases demand (and get) anything from a pound to thirty shillings for the shortest trip. Of course, one can always mention the 5 per cent. cut, but only if wearing a crash helmet and a bullet-proof vest.





Miss Sheena Mackintosh, daughter of the famous ski-er Christopher Mackintosh, taking part in the straight race in the British Ski Championships held at Mürren recently



Holidaying at Gstaad : Mme. Fran-gupolo, the Parisian celebrity, who is learning to ski



Lady Hardwicke, wife of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, the actor. She was formerly the actress Helena Pickard

A Glance Round the Bernese Oberland



Also at Gstaad : Lady White-Smith, of Battle, Sussex, on the ice-rink with her son Henry



Major Leslie Lithgow and Mrs. Elinor Lithgow, of Perth, in picturesque surroundings



Princess Andrée Aga Khan talking to her son, Prince Sadruddin, outside their holiday chalet



Edward Hardwicke, Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke's son, sets out for the first run of the season



Mrs. Beverley Baxter with her son and daughter, and Mrs. Lewis Grant, of Langside, Peebles, and her daughter, were among those who boarded a taxi to reach the slopes



Another Mürren competitor was Miss Vora Mackintosh, sister of Miss Sheena Mackintosh. Their brother is Douglas Mackintosh, the British ski champion



Col. G. J. Walshe, Countess Manvers, Miss Diana Nall and Major John Hole in the Blue Room. Thoresby has been the home of the Pierreponts (the family name of Earl Manvers) for generations, but the present house was built in 1868



Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, who is a daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Portland. Her father's historic home is Welbeck Abbey, Worksop. With her are Mr. Jackson, of Kirkington, and Miss Sarah Jackson

THE RUFFOR

Held at Thoresby Park, the
Manvers. It is reputed
grounds in

Photographs



Guests enjoy the dancing in the beautifully decorated ballroom in Thoresby Park. The second, which was built in 1868, replaced the original one that was destroyed

D HUNT BALL

home of Earl and Countess
to have the most beautiful
Nottinghamshire

by Laws, Retford



decorated ballroom. This house is the third to be built

Georgian, was a quarter of a mile farther south, and

by fire in 1745, only a short time after it was built



Some of those resting between dances included Miss Elizabeth Hall, Miss Pamela Chaworth Musters, Mrs. Petre and Miss Ursula Dobson. There were over 400 guests at the ball, and an oyster-bar was a most attractive innovation



Playing bridge in a quiet corner of the library are Mr. Douglas Turner, Earl Manvers, Col. G. J. Walshe and Countess Manvers. Lord Manvers, who is the sixth Earl, is the son of the late Hon. Evelyn Henry Pierrepont and succeeded his cousin in 1940

Standing By . . .

If some dainty little Oriental-porcelain grotesque on an Edwardian whatnot suddenly rose up and gave a peering old lady a smart sock on the nose, the general amazement would (we think) resemble what many retired French Colonial administrators and their wives must be feeling about the present Indo-Chinese imbroglio, with the faded tinkle of *La Maxixe* (?) 1910 still echoing in their astonished ears.

Je l'appelle ma bourgeoise,
Ma Ton-ki-ki—
Ma Ton-ki-ki—
Ma Tonkinoise . . .

Your own grandfathers were also rather fond, in a Jove-like way, of numbers of little Oriental figures who, whether viewed in Gaiety pieces called *The Cingalee* and *The Burmese Maid* or at close quarters, were so delightfully quaint, amusing, and respectful as they trotted round with lanterns and parasols and bobbed and kowtowed, and who, above all, were so passionately attached to the Raj. With naughty grins we've been picturing Grandpapa suddenly ordered to stick 'em up in a teahouse by one of these fragile *objets d'art*, fingering an automatic instead of a fan and backed by a horde of tiny but bloodthirsty Nationalist-Reds from the same porcelain-manufactory. Who'd ever have dreamed such toys would ever turn awkward? (Mélanie, Monsieur demands his *tisane*.) Yet, alas, how like those exotic little charpoys and seploys and chotapegs and samovars Kipling used to write about so masterfully! (Parker, the pen and ink.)

Afterthought

ONE thing the French ex-Administrator is spared—Grandpapa's shock, on writing to *The Times* about it, at discovering that Infallible Auntie, led astray by cynical dons, herself dances the Carmagnole nightly in her red-flannel combinations, the pathetic old floozie.

Exhibit

SINCE, as a captious fellow was recently affirming, the time is now ripe for the London Museum to dump a few vanloads of dusty Victorian and Edwardian dresses of no



"You've just listened to a story—as highly coloured as the lips from which it came"

intoxicating interest, we can indicate the one jewel of the costumier's art which should take their place. We refer to Tante Sannie's Pants.

This exhibit (so a lean, bronzed Empire-builder once swore to us) is one of the chief attractions of a small Dutch museum somewhere in the remote back-blocks behind the Cape, and consists of one outsize barge-built pair of gray flannel female bloomers, alleged to have been the property of a fair victim of British Imperialism during the first Boer War. The opulent Tante was not shot in or through them, or even shot at all; she merely bequeathed them as a national monument, apparently. Except for a certain type of *predikant* who can never get the *verdammlter Roodineks* out of his system and occasionally uses Auntie's pants to drape round an Old Testament text, they nurture no illfeeling among the locals. Buchan should have known them. The terrific John Laputa, King of Africa in *Prester John*, for example, could have made them his rallying-flag.

You raise a priggish eyebrow. You don't mind if the Cadets of Gascony use Roxane's lace-handkerchief for their ensign, but you flinch from a stout Cape-Dutch lady's lingerie. All right, rosebuds.

Reprise

SYMPATHETICALLY observing the misery of the critic-boys as they struggled to make people believe they'd been able to make sense of Daddy Ibsen's prize-packet, *The Master-Builder*, recently revived, we wondered why nobody had the sense to suggest that maybe Ibsen was drunk at the time.

It's highly possible. Nordics drink like fish, and Daddy may have been completely shellacked and laughing at the highbrows in his ample whiskers all day long. Maybe his chief difficulty, indeed, was to keep his characters not only dull but sober. Maybe he actually had a version of *The Master-Builder* in the bottom-drawer which was relatively a riot. E.g., the final curtain:

PASTOR KRON: Mrs. Hogstad! Good Heavens!
MRS. HOG: Pastor Kron!

PASTOR K: You are plastered!

(Mrs. Hogstad falls down.)
MRS. HOG: You know that? (Hiccup.)
PASTOR K: I know all!

MRS. HOG: Well, I bet you don't know "Sweet Adeline."

(Cue for band. Mrs. Hog., lying prone, beats time with the Pastor's umbrella. Very softly they begin to sing. Enter Oswald and Mrs. Alving from an adjoining play.)
OSWALD: The fun, Mother! The fun! The fun!
(Everybody joins in "Sweet Adeline" in close-harmony. As the last chord trembles into exquisite silence the house falls down, burying the lot in clouds of dust.)

The Master-Builder never appears at all in this version, being (it turns out) in the cooler at Oslo on a charge of building collapsible houses for a joke. Not that they often do it for a joke.

Sweetheart

A LAUGHING remark, uttered recently by the wife of a Socialist Cabinet Minister, that the queue is just the thing for the British Housewife, since it gives her an opportunity of getting round and meeting people, was quoted by a housewife during the late strike with savage emphasis. No doubt the Gestapo are looking into her case already.

We're all for clemency. The most casual survey of the publicity boys' efforts shows that Mrs. Housewife is not having a very good time nowadays, and is doubtless sore. Not so long ago Mrs. Housewife, ever young and lovely, used to pop out daily and have the most fascinating talks with eminent people like Mr. Drage (furniture), the Midland Bank (deposits), and maybe Love at First Sight as well, judging



by the manager's languishing eye), Mr. Barratt (boots), the Ministry of Food (milk), and so forth. At home she gaily dusted the Kwiksure Stove, knocked up tasty little 5-minute meals with BIMPO for George Housewife, took Gobbo for that tight feeling, and enjoyed herself thoroughly; always the same bright, vivacious little number. Seven years of intensive queueing have certainly enabled her to meet a lot of people, but we don't think she cares much for them. She misses those chats with the big boys.

Footnote

As for George Housewife, that hog, that yahoo, that Boëtian, that Grobian, that surly hound. . . . Judging from a recent impression of him by the ad. boys he's apparently turned sour as a dill-pickle. Next time Mrs. Housewife gets a chance of a shoe-chat with Mr. Barratt he'll probably dash in and snarl: "Mr. Barratt, she's fooling you—she's got webbed feet like a duck." Sadism? Jealousy? Utopia-nerves? Who knows?

Service

How to "help, advise, and encourage" budding lawn-tennis professionals is a problem one of the experts merely glanced at, as desirable, the other day, before passing on gracefully to higher things. We'd say the terrifying faces of Wimbledon queens would be the obvious point for welfare-workers to begin (and maybe end) at.

Devil-masks from Tibet would be used for Talk I ("Nerve Control"), the blood-freezing grimaces of some of these being almost up to Centre Court standards. The next step in help and encouragement would be a visit to Watts's sculptural group in Kensington called "Physical Energy," showing a Wimbledon queen tearing a lion to pieces. Questions would be invited.

"I don't see her mother, her masseur, her dog-washer, her principal private secretary, her Press representative, and others of the suite?"

"The lion has just eaten them."

"It seems to have made her pretty furious?"

"Yes, the news-reel men were late."

"I bet Mumsie was pretty tough!"

"Yes. As you see, the lion is in agony."

"It doesn't seem very sporting for a huge girl like that to tear up a lion with stomach-ache."

"Well, we're not concerned with sport, we're concerned with lawn-tennis."

By this time several weaknerved trainees would have dropped out. The remainder would go on to the Zoo to study the tigers. In six weeks a practice Centre Court demonstration by two enormous rival tennis-queens kissing each other over the net after a bitter singles match would form a final nerve-test. Bim, bam, grr! Wow!

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

THE teacher of a class of small girls was having some difficulty in making her pupils understand subtraction.

"Now, Mary," she said, "you have ten fingers. Supposing four of your fingers were missing, what have you then?"

"No music lessons," said Mary.

TWO taciturn Maine farmers met each other every morning for twenty years in the village post office without exchanging a single word. One day, Farmer Billings turned left, when leaving, instead of right. "Where ya goin'?" asked his startled neighbour.

"None o' yer durn business," snapped Billings. "And I wouldn't tell ye that much if ye warn't an old friend."

A PRIEST went to a barber's shop, conducted by one of his parishioners, to get a shave. He noticed that the barber was suffering from a decided hangover, but decided to take a chance. After a few strokes the barber's razor had nicked his face.

"Pat, you've cut me!" reproached the priest as he wiped the blood from his face.

"Yes, yer Reverence," answered the barber.

"That just shows you," went on the priest, "what drink will do."

"Yes," replied Pat cheerfully, "it does make the skin mighty tender."

TWO men were discussing a mutual acquaintance. "He's a nice chap," said one, "but have you noticed how he always lets his friends pick up the dinner bill?"

"Yes," replied the other. "He has a terrible impediment in his reach."

A MAN, just off for a shoot in the country, brought his pointer with him. On arrival at the station the dog wouldn't leave a suitcase on the platform.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the owner of the dog to the owner of the suitcase, "would you mind telling me if you have any game in your case to account for the way my dog is behaving?"

"Well," replied the stranger, "my case is full of clothes, but—ah, I have it!—my name is Partridge!"

TWO rabbits were being chased by two dogs, and having run until they were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion, they decided to trick the dogs by running into a culvert and out the other end.

However, after entering the culvert they found that the dogs were waiting one at each end. Whereupon one rabbit turned to the other and said: "Well, I suppose we'll just have to stay here until we outnumber them."



"Oh—wirard prang—!"



Mrs. Natalie Kalmus; Eugenie Leontovich, and Bonar Colleano, who has one of the leading parts in "Caviar to the General." Miss Leontovich, who is part-author and leading lady of the play, has come over from America specially with the production to appear at one of London's smallest but most enterprising theatres, the New Lindsey at Notting Hill Gate. In private life the wife of Gregory Ratoff, the Hollywood actor and director, she will be remembered for her sparkling performance in "Tovarich" at the Lyric Theatre in 1935

Reception for Eugenie Leontovich At the New Lindsey Theatre



Boris Ranevsky, one of the cast in this topical American-Russian comedy, and Mme. Casavana

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook with their daughter Faith. Clive Brook's next London stage appearance will be in "The Play's the Thing"



Mr. A. T. Smith, a director of the New Lindsey Theatre, Mrs. Lawrence Hutchison, Mr. Elwyn Jones and Mrs. Frederick Piffard

Mr. Frederick Piffard, the B.B.C. producer, Mary Hinton, the actress, and John McLaren, who has the leading part opposite to Eugenie Leontovich



J. W. Piper, Sidcup

Farewell Dinner in R.A. Mess

When Col. H. G. Lambert, D.S.O., recently relinquished the Command of the Officers and Instructional Wing of the R.A. at Woolwich, a farewell dinner was given to him in the Mess by the officers of the Wing. Those present were Col. J. MacMahon, Major H. R. Elliot, M.C., Major M. D. Burroughes, Major M. P. C. Hordern, Major A. E. C. Cotterell, M.B.E., Capt. E. J. Robertson, Capt. E. Hadfield, M.C., Capt. L. S. Hall, Capt. S. J. Lewis, Capt. J. Gilbert, Capt. A. R. E. Parsons, Capt. R. S. Tolley, Capt. D. J. Davies, Lt. A. P. Tate, Lt. B. S. Hulme, Lt. J. R. Buter, Lt. R. A. J. Worley, Lt. G. Saunders, Lt. E. S. Atkins and Lt. L. H. Wilshin

Sabretache

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

IT is possible that few of us have recognised that so much more than the abolition of an unsightly disease depends upon the experiments now being carried out on Salisbury Plain by some very worthy gentlemen. If they succeed, we may look for a sharp rise in the flirting figures. Your cold in the head, common or otherwise, was one of the greatest, if not the only check upon that romantic, but highly-dangerous person The Flirt. Abolish the gummy nose and the bleary eye, and you absolutely throw the bridle at him.

Who could ever visualise "It id de East"? Quite impossible! It kills the whole enterprise stone-dead. The flirting microbe is just as dangerous as the cobra, the krait, the mamba or even the hamadryad, and the symptoms shown by the victim in each case are identical. What does the venom of the colubrine snake do? Why, impregnates you with a substance called haemolysin, a cardiac stimulant, even if, in the end, it gives you a one-way ticket to the Hereafter. What does the flirting germ do? Anyone with even a skin-deep knowledge of what usually happens with Amaryllis in the shade, must recognise the similarity. And now they are going to abolish the cold! Ah, well; I suppose we cannot have it both ways.

Motto for Jockeys

AND especially, as I think, for those who ride in the Grand National. A learned Frenchman told us some time ago that: "Everything comes to him who knows how to wait for it," or words to that effect. The accent is heavily upon the word "knows." It is not everyone who can sit and suffer, and as to waiting in front, that again demands an almost supernatural patience, and must also always depend upon whether the other chaps riding in the contest will let you. Bluff enters in quite prominently, and, of course, there is always the weight factor.

If you are clever enough to convince the rest of them that you are bound to "come back to them," you have a good 50 per cent. of the luck in your favour. If, on the other hand, it dawns upon them that you have stolen enough space, and that you are beginning to put them out of their ground, mind your eye, for then assuredly they will take measures to cart you along far faster than you ever intended to go, and you will cease to have the front row of the stalls all to yourself.

Waiting in front is the jockey's dream, and is far less of a nerve-strain than waiting in the front row of the pit. If Easter Hero had not taken such a strong hold he would undoubtedly have given everyone a lesson in how to do it, and win even with such a bumping weight. It was the classic instance. There was also, of course, that spread plate. Generally speaking, few can make the attempt with success with 12 st. 7 lbs. over 4½ miles.

Cheltenham, etc.

I am trying to find one for either the Cheltenham Gold Cup or this new thousand-pounder at Doncaster, the puzzle is not quite so complicated as it is at Aintree. Any good workman might be depended upon to defeat either of the last two courses, and is only exposed to the risks which are present in any steeplechase. Aintree is very different. A mistake that might not end in complete disaster may get past over any ordinary course, but would most certainly put him on his back at Liverpool.

For instance, if Poor Flame, who will be so much discussed before and on March 13th, had taken the liberty he did with the third fence out from the finish in last year's Gold Cup with any Aintree fence he would have been grassed for a certainty. He was then very busy on a stern-chase of Prince Regent, who was lobbing over the fences as though they were just a succession of sheep hurdles, and was taking nothing out of himself. On the other hand, Poor Flame and Red April, as well as the rest of them, had, in fact, been stretched for dead a long way from home, and the only chance left them was Prince Regent's falling.

It is necessary, therefore, when trying to pick one out of the hat for Cheltenham, to bear in mind that a really first-class horse made all of them last year look very small beer. That great horse will not be there this year, and it opens up the possibilities. We are invited to believe that Poor Flame is the automatic choice. I suggest, however, that we remember that Prince Regent had made him a very tired horse even before 3 miles of that 3½ miles last year, and it may well be that we shall have to look elsewhere.

A likely spot to search might be Miss Dorothy Paget's quartette: Dunshaughlin, who, I hope, has regained his former confidence, and who was a tremendous fancy in Ireland last year; Kilnaglory, a recent winner (he beat

Knight's Crest, the Irish Grand National winner, over 3 miles at Cheltenham on November 13th); Happy Home and, in my idea, most especially Housewarmer, the Molyneux winner at Aintree on November 8th. He won anyhow and he never put a foot wrong. He has now only just turned ten years, and he does fill the eye tremendously.

There are others: this bright young spark, Coloured Schoolboy, who keeps on winning over short courses, but who well may stay 3½ miles; there is a very dangerous one from Beeby's stable, Rearmament, who may, of course, be reserved for the National; there is also the one I refuse to forsake, Lord Bicester's Prince Blackthorn, for I agree with everything they said to me about him in Ireland before we ever clapped eyes on him over here; he looks very like a steeplechase horse; there is that brilliantly fast little customer, Chaka, who jumps like a flea and showed that he was all right again at Windsor last week.

Some Possibles

THERE is the North-Countryman, Bricett, though, I understand, it has been virtually decided to keep him for the National, in which he is certain to get an accommodating weight; his present price is 16 to 1, and quite definitely inspired by money, and possibly a better bet than 5 to 1 Prince Regent; and there is always gallant old Schubert, who will be keeping on keeping on when many others may be stopping.

I do not put War Risk in this bill of fare, since I understand that he is to be kept for Aintree, and after the way in which he flicked over them in the Grand Sefton, the decision seems to be justified, and he appears to be quite a possible collector of that £5000. He is a very well-made, well-balanced horse, with all the scope and courage necessary to help him in such an enterprise. I think he is the most dangerous challenger that can be seen to Mr. Rank's great champion, but, of course, it is rather beating the air until we know the weights, which may alter a good many things.

But to hark back to the Gold Cup, Poor Flame, very nice horse though he is, may not be the automatic winner. The field is a very different one this year to what it was last year, and there are so many who have every right to be considered. It ought to be a grand race, and as usual, I suppose, will have its effect upon the National betting.



O'Brien, Fermoy

The Scareen (the "Black and Tans") Meet at Grenane House

A group taken on the steps during the meet of this well-known pack at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. M. S. Mansbergh. It includes Mr. and Mrs. Mansbergh, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Harris, G/Capt. and Mrs. Bertram, Major Lovett, Dr. Russell, Mr. W. Baker, Miss Gwenda Ryan, Mr. H. Ryan, Mr. S. Harris and Mr. Thaddeus Ryan, M.F.H., who has just taken over the "Black and Tans." This pack has been hunted by Ryans for generations. The country—all grass, bank and ditch—lies in Tipperary and Limerick

Scoreboard



Higher Things in British Sport—or of Test matches—though I beseech you to the contrary by the memory of St. Gilbert the Grace and on the bones of the Reverend Lord Frederick Beauclerk, very all-rounder of the Regency, great-grandson of Charles II. and Nell Gwyn, who never allowed his clerical duties to interfere with the claims of cricket and gambling—you may talk, I fancy I said, of all these; but the most delicate game I know is the collection of money; one more pastime in which production lags behind demand; an economic reflection, this, which pairs, unwillingly enough, with the image of the Commissioners for Inland Revenue and calls back, more agreeably, the lines of the scholar-wit, J. K. Stephen—

*Its income was as much beyond its merits
As less than its inane expenditure.*

NO; he was not writing of Parliament or that impenetrable monster, Administration, but of a Cambridge undergraduate long ago, who was seen, like a Beauty of another sort, just passing by. Also just passing by, we may regret the passing of such a passer-by.

The world is a-creaking with the wings of the predatory hawk; fled is the silly, harmless, gilded cockatoo. Utility conquers ornament. A good thing, too, cries John Bull, the honest artisan, as he fills up his Football Pools with one hand and dopes a couple of greyhounds with the other.

TO return, without explanations, to Parliament and the collecting of money. Two years to-morrow will mark the passage of three

centuries since Charles I. "bow'd his comely head down, as upon a bed," in the once immortal words of the poet who, like some of his *soi-disant* successors, wasn't quite sure which side to back in the war.

No parallels are perfect, as the corpulent gymnast on the luxury liner remarked when the bars snapped and he fell like an unexpected delivery of coal between a Connecticut cutie and a corset-king in the swimming-pool below, but there was something Cromwellian, in a purely golfing sense, about Leonard Crawley while winning the singles competition for the President's Putter at Rye. "Remove that Bauble" was his policy; not his speech; for he progressed round the windy rigours of those links with a silence that was only less magnificant than his iron-play.

At the fourteenth hole of the semi-final he at last made what was, by the standards of Olympus, a mistake; it was a spoon-shot, pushed out into the grassy Gehenna below the green. "Never mind," I said, "humanity must have its turn." "I don't like it," was his reply, "it disturbs concentration." With which, he flicked the ball up on to the green, and holed the putt for a four.

In the final, Cromwell played Prince Rupert, the dashing P. B. Lucas; as of old, a very gallant loser. Once, in mid-battle, Cromwell seemed to be coming unstuck; but the Iron prevailed. There is nothing and no one like Crawley in English amateur golf. Henry Cotton might have beaten him at Rye. Might.

WHAT a tournament; and what a reunion. Almost, as Mr. Warwick Deeping would put it, confidence in human nature was restored. There, tripping themselves up over sandhills, hiding under borrowed umbrellas from rightful owners, moved the familiar knot of carefree spectators, an eloquent gaggle. There, against the wall behind the second green, leant the same mariner prophesying the same weather with the same old inaccuracy. Merry England.

R. G. Roberts Glasgow.

HUNTING NOTES



HAVING been stopped for three weeks owing to foot-and-mouth outbreaks, the Old Berkeley (East) Hounds resumed hunting early in January, when they kept their appointment at Shardeloes Lodge. Owing to shooting arrangements, hounds were taken direct to Penn Wood for the first draw, and on being thrown into the fir plantation they soon had a fox moving. He was reluctant to leave, but after hunting him some time in covert the bitches forced him away, and ran him well to Hazlemere, St. John's and Totteridge before doubling back through King's Wood with a grand cry nearly to Rayner's, ultimately getting up to him and killing him just as he was about to enter Kite Wood after a capital hunt of fifty-five minutes.

Subsequently, they put their next fox away from the brambles near Penn House, and hunted him towards Tyler's Green before going right-handed and running through Common Wood at racing pace, going on nearly to the Wycombe road, where they were stopped, as they were now a good distance from kennels and the hour was late.



REGRET has been occasioned in the Belvoir country by the announcement that Lord Daresbury, the popular M.F.H., intends to retire at the end of the season. Before the war he was associated with Col. Gordon Colman, but he has since carried on single-handed.

Belvoir children enjoyed some exhilarating sport when a special meet was arranged for them at Threkeingham. They kept up with hounds all day and saw them kill a brace of foxes. Members of the Blankney Hunt Pony Club were not so fortunate, for when hounds should have met at the Green Man, Jack Frost gripped the ground so completely that hunting was impossible.

RECENT meets of the Warwickshire have included one at Barton House, when most of the day was spent hunting in Wolford Wood, and a fox was killed in Weston Park; and from Ladbrooke Hall, when probably the best enjoyed part of the day was a fast fifteen minutes upwind, from Watergall. His entry into a farm-yard near Ladbrooke saved the fox's life.

We are now to have a "triumvirate" of Masters here: Major Samuel himself, assisted by Major "Bob" Brackenbury and Major George Rodwell. "Bob" Nickalls is carrying on as secretary. May the new arrangement be a happy and successful one.

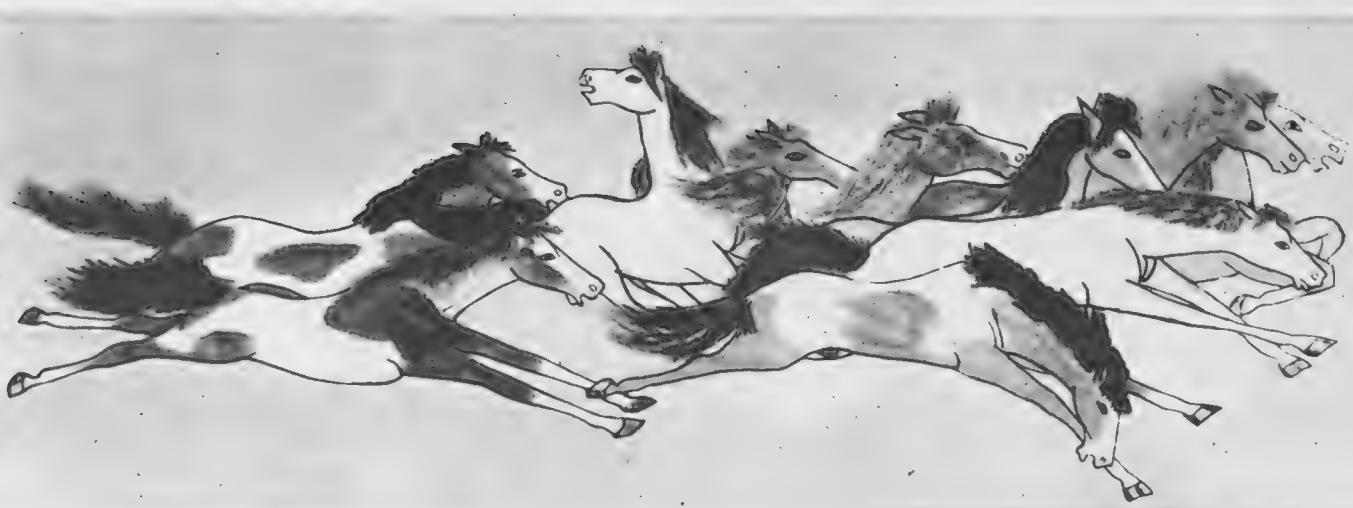
SOME very good hunts have come the way of the Duke of Beaufort's, notably the one after that Hyam fox, which Gordon has schooled



so well. Very nice it is to see everyone out in blue and buff again—and in the evening as well. Many congratulations to all those who have recently been given their Hunt Coat. Bad luck for David Burghersh having such a nasty fall on his leave. We hope he will be better soon. The Pony Club was well represented in the field during the holidays and very well they ride, too.

AT a recent meet of the Whaddon 'Chase at Calverton House, the home of Mrs. Blackwell, hounds found in Lovell's Thorns and, going away from there, left Nash on their right and ran through College Wood to Nash Brakes, where this fox had to be given up. Scenting conditions did nothing to help with further foxes which were found in Thrift and Salden.

THE V.W.H., Lord Bathurst's Hunt, Ball was held at the Bingham Hall, Cirencester, recently. Between 400 and 500 people danced to the band of the Coldstream Guards. Among those who brought parties were Lady Apsley, M.F.H., who had her son, George Bathurst, and a large party.



"All the horses and all the youngness in the world were in it." An illustration from "Spin a Silver Coin," by Alberta Hannum (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.)

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Guiding Star"

"Wildwood"

"Adventure and Discovery"

"The Lonely Skier"

"Discovery and Romance"

VERCORS' *Le Silence de la Mer* (published in English under the title *Put Out the Light*) was one of the first books to reach us from France out of the sinister hush of the Occupation. For obvious reasons, Vercors' identity had then to be concealed—and, though his real name is now known in France, he still uses the pen-name which made him famous. Deservedly famous—the analysis of a German's soul, at a time when that race was detestably at the height of power, was a bold act; especially for a Frenchman; who had every reason to feel his country defiled.

Put Out the Light made a deep impression on us. It also, inevitably and no doubt healthily, aroused criticism—it was argued that the young German officer in it was over-idealised; that he could not possibly have existed; that the story, for all its dignity and sadness, was weakened by a sentimental vein.

Was this so? It is in human nature to react, later, against anything that has affected one over-powerfully. Vercors' second book, which I am discussing this week, seems likely to act on the reader in reverse—it is harder to take than its predecessor, the story is less immediately dramatic, and (at least in English) there is a sentimentality one not merely detects but cannot ignore. At the same time, something gets under one's skin; one is more rather than less drawn to the central character, and persuaded as to the reality of his situation, as time goes on.

* * *

"GUIDING STAR" (Macmillan; 3s. 6d.) is a translation, made by Eric Sutton, of *La Marche à l'Etoile*.

Guiding Star is, like *Put Out the Light*, a very short novel—almost, a long-short story. And it has much the same theme as Vercors' first book—that of a non-Frenchman's adoring illusion about France. One might call these two companion pictures.

Guiding Star is, however, the more sombre. It has been written in what for France is a sombre time—the post-liberation phase of conflicts, reproaches, recriminations. It is, I feel, a book written essentially for France; whereas *Put Out the Light* was written, more,

for the world. There were, even, moments when I doubted the rightness of this indictment's passing into the hands of an English reader. I questioned whether so much should be laid bare to the outsider.

But then, I remembered, a book, any book, is general human property: a writer has not merely the will to write, he has the will to publish—and publication sets a book free to travel just so far as it has the power to go. The weaknesses and betrayals recorded here are in their nature, alas, human, not exclusively French. They are shown by Vercors at their most shameful, because they are shown in contrast to the lasting

glory of France and the nobility of a man who loved her.

Thomas Muritz, hero of *Guiding Star*, is a Moravian, son of a well-to-do merchant family who have their home at Devin. He has a little French and some Jewish blood in his veins. Throughout a solitary boyhood he has lived on and by the impassioned reading of French books—the works of Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac, Eugène Sue—thereby nourishing in himself a great dream of France which is to dominate him completely.

By the time he, at sixteen (having run away from home and accomplished a penurious journey), does actually find himself in Paris, the city has long been a living, vivid reality to him: he traces his way through the streets with absolute certainty, for already he has the plan of Paris by heart.

Is he to be disappointed? On the contrary, he knows all the exaltation of having a dream come true. On the practical plane, even, he has good luck—he runs into a friend, is put in the way of making a living, does well in business. His crowning moment comes when he hears his papers are through: he is naturalised. This is the moment—the "I" who, throughout, tells the story is a young Frenchman.

I can still see him on the day when my father told him the great news. It was outside some café, near the Ministry of the Interior. I still carry the vision of that sunny day, the dusty highway and the municipal water-cart. I can still see his expression, his smile that strove to mask his apprehension as we came up. I was then a small boy. I remember they drank a glass of absinthe together, and how my rare and precious pleasure in sitting outside a café was thereby spoilt, for I had lately seen an anti-alcoholic propaganda film, and was afraid that my father and Thomas would, promptly and under my eyes, go mad. Horror-struck I watched them drain their glasses. I searched the drinkers' faces for the dreadful symptoms. But the face of Thomas Muritz depicted nothing but an immensity of joy. "I am French," he muttered, and looked about him with an air of surprise as though the scene had somehow changed since the marvellous announcement. I also was surprised, for I could then see nothing extraordinary in being French. Now, hardly a day passes that I do not tell myself, as did Thomas



Beatiens Yazz, otherwise known as "Jimmy," did the water-colour illustrations of "Spin a Silver Coin," an absorbing account of how a young white couple ran a trading-post in a Navaho Indian Reservation in Northern Arizona. "Jimmy" drew the pictures between the ages of eight and twelve, and gained the reputation of being an artist as modest as his work was astonishing

Muritz, that it is indeed a far from ordinary matter

BOWEN ON BOOKS

THIS is the man who is to die in a French prison yard, by the bullets of French (Vichy-ite) police. Thomas's only son has fallen on the French battlefields of the first World War; he himself is to face—as Paris civilian marked down by the occupying Germans as a Jew—the more horrible ordeals of the second. He is to wear, with a serene dignity and indifference, the opprobrious yellow star: nothing hurts him so long as his faith in France is unshaken. Embracing France's tragedy as his own, he still refuses, with a sublime obstinacy, to accept the existence, anywhere in that beloved country, of treachery or bad faith.

Rare and majestic, his anger breaks out at the very suggestion that France, however dire her own extremity, could ever turn against those who had sought her out, against her loving and trustful adopted sons! He is to learn otherwise—and his disillusionment not only provides the tragedy, but constitutes the indictment of *Guiding Star*.

Technically—if the descent to technique does not seem too cold-blooded—*Guiding Star* is a masterly piece of work: the compression of a whole life into a long-short story, the piecing together of different accounts given by Muritz's friends, the presentation of the man, as a man, would all repay study by 'prentice writers. The café scene, quoted above, is a fair example of the intimacy and cinema-like vividness of Vercors' manner. For the slightly choppy effect of the very short sentences one must not blame the translator, who has done well.

* * *

THE LONELY SKIER," by Hammond Innes (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is a thriller which may, should like to think, set the standard for a new post-war school. Psychology excellent, movement swift, tone hard-boiled without being brutally tough, possibilities (from the mystery point of view) of a Continent in which villains are still at large, admirably and ingeniously exploited.

The scene is the Dolomites; time, December 1946. Neil Blair, the narrator, demobbed, out of a job, willing to try anything, happens to run into Derek Engles, whom he has known in the Army.

Engles, always a dark horse, now a highly successful film director, sends Blair off on an assignment which, he hints, is far from being as straightforward as it seems. Nominally, Blair goes to Col da Varda (in company with the ape-like and amiable Joe Wesson, camera-man) to write the script for a ski-ing film: actually, he is to keep his eyes open and report to Engles anything he may see.

Among the high snows of Col da Varda, some sort of funny business is in the air. The place is a primitive sports station above Cortina; it consists of a hut, containing restaurant, bar and a few bedrooms; it connects with the world below only by means of a *slittovia*, or cable sleigh—there is, of course, also the famous run by which skiers make their descent. Round mid-day, the hut is invaded by cheerful crowds; by night it is left to sinister silence, in which the peculiarities of the few residents stand out strongly.

What a pack they are—the Contessa, the Greek, the steely-eyed piano-playing Irishman, the flashy little Sicilian—not to speak of Aldo, the semi-moron steward. The hut and the *slittovia* are up for auction: at the sale in Cortina, which Blair attends, the bidding soars to fantastic heights. What is at stake? What accounts for this cut-throat competition? What keeps these characters rooted to this remote spot, armed (as it proves) and watching each other narrowly? Blair overhears a curious conversation, then becomes the victim of a murder attempt: the plot gains excitement with

every chapter—things approach their pitch with the reappearance of Engles, and the climax could not be more tense.

The Lonely Skier has spectacular snow scenes and first-rate accounts of ski-ing—which should appeal to readers back from that kind of holiday. Not that the Dolomites proved a holiday for Neil Blair.

* * *

"WILDWOOD," by Josephine W. Johnson (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.), is an American novel about an adopted child. Its opening enticed me by its purely chance resemblance to that of *Anne of Green Gables*, long-standing favourite of mine: in both books we have a scared female orphan, nothing much yet to look at, but full of character, on her journey towards an uncertain home and uncertain destiny.

Anne, as you may remember, soon won all hearts: Miss Johnson's Edith is less fortunate. Her adoptive parents are not a good proposition—Mrs. Pierre is a neurotic; her husband cares only for birds. Mr. Pierre had, in fact, consented to adopting the child under the impression that it was going to be somehow like a goldfinch. Poor, dark, gawky thirteen-year-old Edith, on her arrival, is a bad disappointment, grasps this and never properly rallies—she lavishes her affections on a cast-iron dog in the gardens of Wildwood (this being the Pierres' house).

The story is elaborately written, and so drenched in sadness that it ceases to be sad. There is beauty in it: I imagine it must be for the beauty of her style that Miss Johnson won (as I see she did win) the Pulitzer Prize for another novel of hers, *Now in November*. But I must say that I think even beauty in writing needs the addition of excitement or humour, or even both. The only part of this tale that is near-funny is Mrs. Pierre's funeral. In the main, were a Gloomy Book of the Month Club to be instituted, I should consider *Wildwood* a safe bet for the January choice.

* * *

FORTUNATE (unlike Edith) will be the girls and boys into whose hands may come the two companion volumes before me now: *Adventure and Discovery* and *Discovery and Romance*, both published by Jonathan Cape at 12s. 6d. each. The first, with its preface by Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., is, in general, intended for boys, though girls should enjoy it also. The second, with preface by Mary Treadgold, is, in the same original sense, for girls—though, again, a great part of its con-

tents would be found acceptable to their brothers.

The great factor in young persons is, thank heavens, youth, not sex—and with youth goes far-ranging, persistent, insatiable curiosity. The index of *Adventure and Discovery* shows such promising titles as "What are Plastics?", "The Smashing of the Dams" (by W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.), "Sword Dance in Makalla," "How We Bring the Dead Back to Life," "The Mulberry Harbours," "Arteries of the Modern World," "Three Men at the Amazon's Source," and "My Early Life," by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.

Discovery and Romance has, among others, articles on "The Wonderful Quins," horses, hospitals, "Famous Tennis Women," Kew, air-women, Mme. Curie, silkworms, beauty, modern art, a forest fire, the homes of to-morrow, the beginnings of beauty and "Motherhood in the Zoo." In both books, the contents list is longer and more diversified than I have room to show. Illustrations—drawings, diagrams and photographs—are a forte; some are advanced and explanatory; others, such as "Suffragettes Writing on a Fence," have considerable period charm. The striking black-and-white jackets and classically handsome bindings of both volumes (one red, one green) inspire confidence from the start.



Major and Mrs. D. G. C. Sutherland's twin son and daughter were christened Henry Carr and Sarah Jane at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Caroline Orby daughter of Major and Mrs. R. C. Gascoigne, was christened recently at St. James's Episcopal Church, Dingwall



Major and Mrs. Victoria McCalmont's infant son was christened Peter Victor at All Souls', Tillington, recently. Among the godparents were Mrs. Dennis Eccles and Major Peter Starkey

CHRISTENINGS



Parry — Kirkpatrick



Walker-Munro — Biddulph

Mr. John M. C. Parry, eldest son of the late Major M. C. Parry, M.C., and of Mrs. Parry, of Rushbrook, Wonesh, Surrey, married Miss Jean Kirkpatrick, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, of the Grove, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk, at the King's Chapel of the Savoy.

The wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, between Mr. M. Walker-Munro, son of Major and Mrs. I. C. R. Walker-Munro, of Brockenhurst, and Drumfork, Perthshire, and Miss Marjorie Amy (Mollie) Biddulph, elder daughter of the Hon. Michael and Lady Amy Biddulph.



Rickards — Stocks

F/Lt. John Percival Rickards, D.F.C., late R.A.A.F., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Rickards, of 61, Queen's Road, Melbourne, Australia, married Miss Jean Mary Stocks, only child of Major and Mrs. S. J. Stocks, of Carrington House, London, W.1, in Melbourne

GETTING MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review of Weddings



Wace — Mills

Capt. Rodney Wace, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. C. Wace, of the Red House, Shalford, Surrey, married Miss Heather Mary Mills, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Mills, of Trefusis, Shamley Green, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton.



Rasch — Dent-Brocklehurst

Major R. G. C. Rasch, Grenadier Guards, son of Brig. and Mrs. G. E. C. Rasch, of Lower Woodford, Salisbury, married Miss Anne Mary Dent-Brocklehurst, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. H. Dent-Brocklehurst, of Sudeley Castle, Windercombe, Gloucestershire, in London



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss M. A. Bailey, only daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. C. H. Bailey, of the Rectory, Broadstairs, Kent, who has recently announced her engagement to Captain Ronald Patrick Ward, M.C., nephew of Mrs. Ward, of Elleray, Thame



Miss Julia Rosemary Browne, youngest daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Browne, of Packways, Petersfield, who is engaged to Mr. William G. J. Symonds, only son of the Rev. W. H. Symonds, and of the late Mrs. Symonds, of Seasalter Vicarage, Whitstable



Miss Jean Cecil Ashley Fetherstonhaugh, daughter of the late Major A. E. H. Fetherstonhaugh and of Mrs. W. R. Calvert, of Onibury, Shropshire, is to be married in February to Capt. James Russell McCarthy, the Camerons, eldest son of the late Lt.-Col. J. J. McCarthy and of Mrs. McCarthy



Miss Sybil Arscott who is to marry Mr. Charles (Peter) Frampton, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Frampton, of Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Arscott, of Purley, Surrey



Miss Priscilla Bullock, daughter of the late Lady Victoria Bullock and of Captain Malcolm Bullock, M.P., who is to be married in April to Mr. Peter Hastings, son of the late Hon. Aubrey Hastings, and the Hon. Mrs. Hastings



Pearl Freeman
Miss Margaret Livingstone Altham, who is engaged to Mr. Arthur Hugh Brodhurst, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Brodhurst, of the Red House, Lansdown Road, Cheltenham. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Altham, of Cheltenham House, Winchester



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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

HORRIFIC tales continue to reach me of the disagreeable experiences of air passengers who get caught in bad weather. In fact I have now heard so many of these stories that I feel some fuller investigation has become necessary. Confidence in air travel is being shaken.

Let me mention the kind of experience which seems commonest. An aircraft takes off and flies towards its objective. Often during the course of the flight the captain passes to the passengers a slip giving the estimated time of arrival. That time draws near; but no arrival is achieved.

Those who keep track of what is going on notice that course has been changed more than once. Then, at last, comes the information from the stewardess. The aircraft is returning to the airport from which it set out because the airport of destination is fog bound.

Silly Sequence

To the ordinary passenger, with some vague knowledge of the marvels of meteorology and of radio telephony, not to speak of radar, distant reading compasses, air mileage units, beacons, computers, interrogators and the rest of it, the whole thing sounds almost unbelievably silly. And I must say that no one has yet been able to explain to me why it is not silly.

In the old days a pilot set out without the remotest idea of what the weather was going to be like at his aerodrome of destination. If, on the way, it closed down and he was a sensible pilot, he turned back and landed at the nearest aerodrome on the way.

In the wonderful new days of telecommunication and scientific forecasting, it seems that the pilot also sets out without the remotest idea of what the weather is going to be like at his aerodrome of destination. But if, on the way, the weather closes down, he begins to fly by instruments. He goes on hoping that the aerodrome of destination will be clear. And when it is not clear he turns back.



Col. R. C. Conway-Gordon, his wife and members of his regiment in B.A.O.R. gave a Christmas and New Year Party for German children at Herford. The Colonel looks on while Mrs. Conway-Gordon holds a small boy up to receive his present from the British Santa Claus. The German St. Nicholas is on the left

But instead of putting down at the nearest convenient aerodrome, he goes all the way back to where he started from. That seems to me to be what happens. If there is some other reason for these double-double, toil and trouble, flights, I shall be glad to hear it.

Organize or Go

In my view it would be much better to throw all the instruments and radio and radar gadgets overboard and let the pilot return to the primitive system until such time as the means of using the new devices is correctly organized.

The old-fashioned pilot may not have got there more often; but he certainly spent less time in the air

in not getting there. It is the long hours of flying without getting anywhere that irritate people. And when at the beginning and the end of their completely pointless period of aviation they are marshalled and examined and their luggage looked over or locked up, the thing becomes too hard to be borne, without complaint.

Drastic measures are called for to improve the situation. If an aircraft sets out from Brussels for Zurich, gets over Zurich but cannot land there, is there really no means of getting it down somewhere nearer Zurich than Brussels? And if it is a matter of Customs, why not a fleet of mobile Customs offices?

The King's Flight

WHAT is important and useful about the King's Flight is that it demonstrates the best kind of equipment that we can produce here for personal flying. The sort of people for whom the equipment of the King's Flight ought to set the pace are the big companies which decide to run a few aircraft for their managers and staffs.

The Vikings have a great many features which show just how pleasant a thing charter flying, or personal flying on the grand scale, can be. There are the large chairs, the sound-proofing and interior fittings, the polarized windows which enable glare to be cut out, the inter-communication system and the parachutes.

I have ventured recently to state my view that parachutes will soon be standard in air liners. It was a matter on which I hesitated to go firmly one way or another for some years. There are so many difficulties. But the more I see of well-fitted seat parachutes, the more positive I am that the air liners must have them sooner or later.

In the King's Flight aircraft the parachutes are of the seat type and seem to me to be very neatly fitted. And the harness-cum-belt is simple to use and not too clumsy to look at.

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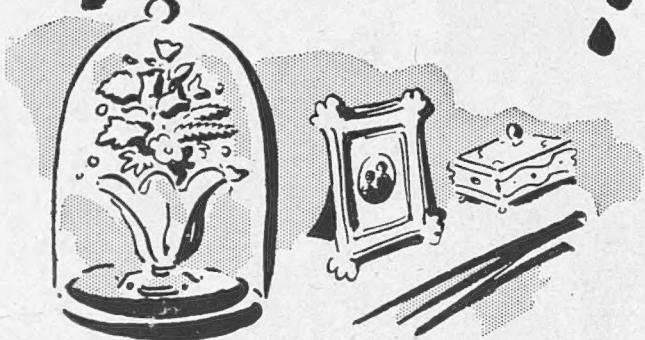
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